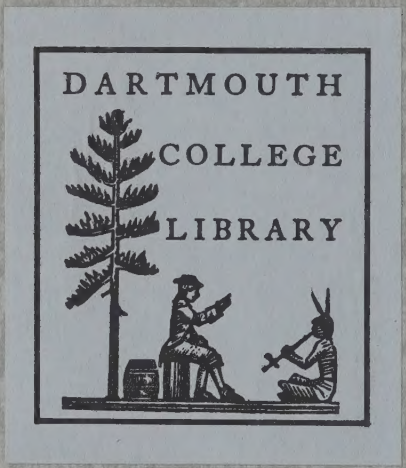

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DAUMIER
THE MAN
AND THE
ARTIST

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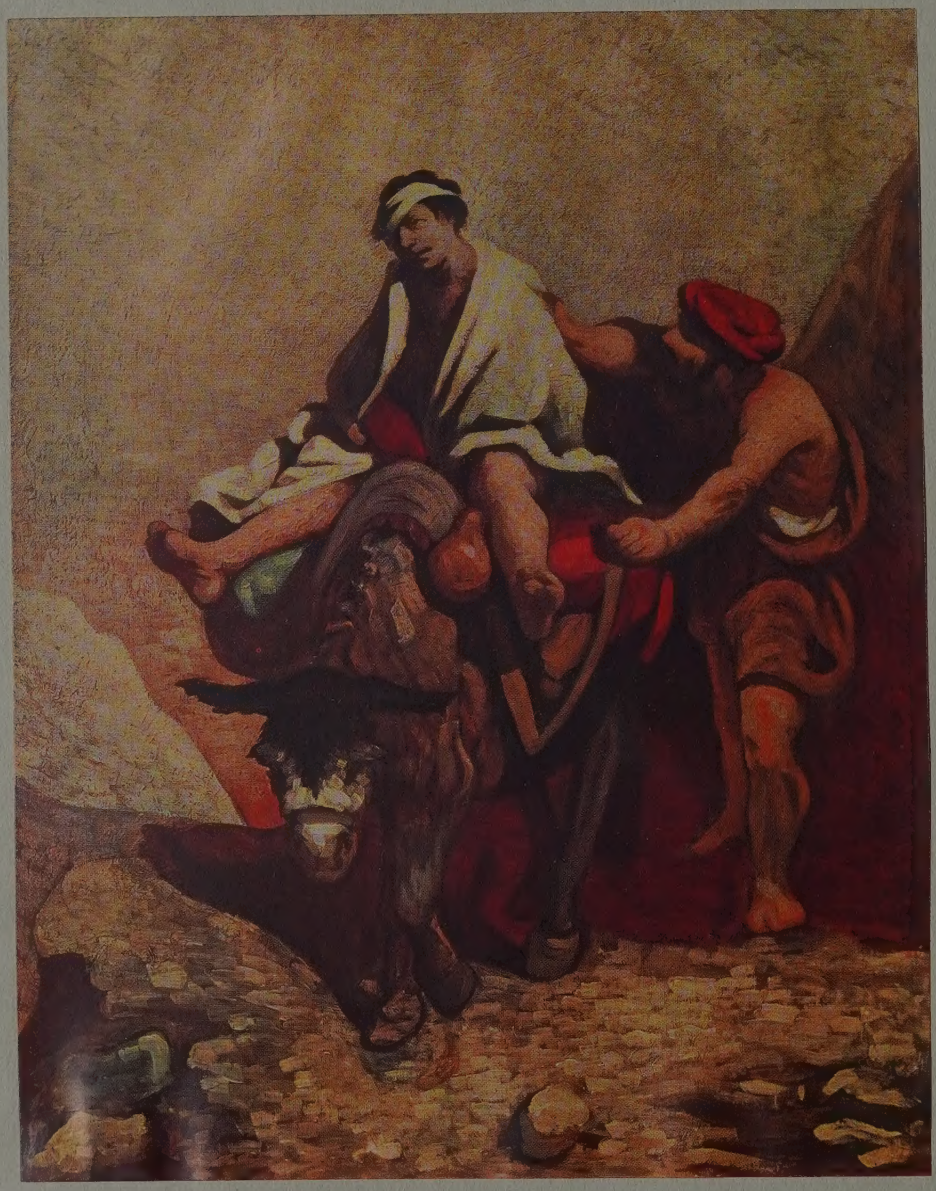

LE BON SAMARITAIN
(In the possession of William Burrell, Esq.)

DAUMIER

THE MAN AND THE ARTIST

By

MICHAEL SADLEIR

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DISCARD

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Daumier: The Man and the Artist

I.

AT any given period of modern European history taste will reveal certain marked peculiarities. It is as though new eyes were for ever opening in the human mind; as though fresh aspects of physical or spiritual beauty were vouchsafed to each succeeding generation. This perpetual renewal of man's sense of loveliness is a large element in the intoxication of art, is in some sort responsible for the survival of a belief in beauty as an anodyne or as an embellishment to the varying fortunes of material existence.

Maybe no revelation has been for centuries entirely new. But always is there difference enough between the vision of one epoch and that of a predecessor to allow the latest comer a gratifying sense of real discovery.

Sometimes these period-enthusiasms are revivals of an antique mode. Such were the classical ardours of the early eighteenth century and of the corresponding decades of the nineteenth century; the Gothic preoccupations of the seventeen-eighties and of the eighteen-seventies.

Sometimes these enthusiasms take the form of an adaptation to contemporary life of the manners and adornments of a world long vanished. Such were the pastoral fancies of pre-revolutionary France and the mediæval pattern-making of Morris and his æsthetic followers.

Sometimes, again, they mark an importation to one hemisphere of the culture and decorative technique of another. Thus Indian styles invaded Europe during the early days of Eastern colonising; thus, in its day, did "chinoiserie" capture Parisian and London fancy; thus, heralded by the Goncourts and by Whistler, the conventions of the draughtsmen and designers of Japan swayed cultivated taste; thus during recent years has aboriginal art come from the South Seas, from the Americas and from the Congo to thrill the heart of Western amateurs.

These several manifestations of man's questing spirit may in varying degree be related to historical events. There is always some reason beyond that of mere desire for novelty to

account for the direction in which taste develops. The story of human love for art is, like history, a tale of repetition; and, as in history individual genius will at any moment irrupt and deflect the course of happening, so also in art the vision of one man may, of itself, create a movement or enthrone a school.

But whereas historical heroes—men and women—influence rapidly their age and their environment, the artist pioneer has frequently to wait until some social or political development wins wide acceptance for the vision that long years before was his.

Of all the manifestations of man's undying need for a new beauty, the most alluring is the occasional discovery (or rediscovery) of power and radiance in the work of artists previously neglected or imperfectly admired. What rapture came to London with the Elgin marbles! With what delicious fervour, in those Italianate mid-Victorian years, were the early Florentines realised and studied! Will those of us who came to art during the years before the war ever again experience an excitement so lovely as that caused by Padua; by Cimabue's great Madonna; by the Byzantine beauties of Ravenna; by all the various works of primitive art, to study which, with eyes now opened to the stark emphasis of post-impressionism, we made such eager pilgrimage?

The post-impressionist painters—with their emphasis on generalised forms; their insistence on the decorative quality of art; their harmonious synthesis of background and of figures—forced on the notice of a world (by then a little dazzled with spots of bright, pure colour or else meandering hazily through atmospheric mists) the meaning of line, the significance of rhythm, and the power of simplification to express individual vision.

The world, freed of a sudden from the scientific fetters of the extreme impressionists and rudely brought to earth from the vague unrealities of symbolist enigmas, observed with its new eyes, not the present only, but the past also. It reverenced in Chardin less the classic master than the man who saw material things as Cézanne saw them, who—centuries before Cézanne had been thought of—could treat a group of still-life as a thing rhythmic and almost animate. It no longer recognised El Greco as a skilled disciple of the Venetian school who later went to Spain and painted eccentricities; but rather as a

prophetic genius who, having thrown off the shackles of Italian traditional technique, set down the tortured visions of his soul, subjecting alike form and colour to the emotional purposes of his imagination. It saw in Goya more than a portrait-painter, more than a satirist of topicality; it hailed him as seer and as master of design.

Finally, to the full recognition he deserved, came Daumier —not Daumier the caricaturist; not Daumier the skilled lithographer; but Daumier the painter, the visionary despite himself, the pioneer.

II.

To claim for post-impressionism the credit of first bringing into daylight a Daumier hitherto half shadowed, is not to depreciate the perception of the far-seeing few who, while the most vital part of his achievement waited on public recognition, bore witness to his greatness. They have, however, their most suitable reward in seeing all they prophesied come true. Their merit is the merit of all loyal followers in times of stress; but, the cause they championed being a spiritual one, their faith and their courageous testimony could not advance its victory any more than could the hostility of their opponents hinder it.

Spiritual consciousness is like a sea, in which tides flow and ebb. The tides of art—assuming they are genuine tides and not mere stirrings of the water for the fun of ripple-making—rise irresistibly and at times ordained. When Daumier was floated into fame on the high tide of post-impressionist doctrine, he fulfilled his destiny and in the only way conceivable. No revolutionary artist can impose himself upon the world until the sensibility that is his be due for recognition. This truth is often overlooked by critics whose spiritual prevision outruns that of their generation. They rave at what they term the blindness of the age. In vain they urge the claims of this or that artist, poet or philosopher. The world remains indifferent —not from wilfulness, but from sheer inability to understand and because the time for joyful admiration is not ripe.

And yet the record of Honoré Daumier has striking characteristics of its own. Often the artist-prophet is, during his lifetime, utterly ignored. Not so Daumier. His extraordinary capacities were evident to his contemporaries and won him high

reputation over a long period of his lifetime. But because his real significance to art could only be realised when the angle of approach to painting had undergone a total change and because that change was still some decades distant, the approval of his actual generation was given to one branch of his achievement only, and that a minor one.

While he lived, Daumier was famous for his caricature. His attempts to win acceptance as a serious painter or draughtsman were unsuccessful and were soon abandoned. For the last thirty years of his life he worked in secret melancholy at the pictures and drawings that were his real self—those very pictures and drawings that now are prized beyond the whole range of his satirical and comic work.

In its next phase also the history of Daumier is unique. For livelihood he depended on a caricature the public loved but he himself had come to hate. The painting, into which he put his heart, was slighted—even ridiculed. Sadly the old man withdrew into himself; feeling that he had failed; taking such comfort as he might from the applause and kindness of a few artist-friends.

These friends, more heartily indignant with the world's indifference to their colleague than ever was the man himself, determined to assert the fame of Daumier as a serious artist; to force on public notice and respect work that they knew to be of beauty and of strength. They organised an exhibition, and in 1878 Paris was bidden to admire a master. Paris came. There was much laudatory comment and some vehement dispraise. The exhibition made its mark but—here is the irony! —a mark quite other than the promoters wished. Daumier's reputation gained and altered; but it was as a lithographer that he now won fame, remaining as a serious painter still but modestly regarded.

In the year following the exhibition, Daumier died. His death was widely noticed. It was felt that France and the world had lost—a great lithographer.

It is quaint to read the comments of the time—full of commiseration for a past that had no eye for qualities of lithography; not wholly innocent of a complacent glee that now at last the true significance of Daumier was realised.

And so his reputation reached its second stage. Two of

the three aspects of his genius had now been everywhere applauded. The third and greatest revelation was to come.

It is remarkable that those characteristics which Daumier's painting shares with the art of China and Japan should so largely have escaped notice in an age that was pre-occupied with Eastern culture. Nowadays—and once again our sympathies owe their widened scope to post-impressionism—the artistic expression of every region of the globe is studied as a single language, differing indeed in dialect but owning a common root. A quarter of a century ago, however, the tendency to regard the art even of Asia and of Europe as one impulse and to draw comparisons between the diverse expressions of that impulse was far from general. The eighties and nineties of last century were years of enthusiastic Japonaiserie. But the fact that Japanese production was admired for itself, and not as a development of the more ancient and more richly varied art of China, betrayed the limitations of a *schwärmerei*.

There was, in those willow-pattern days, little inclination toward a joint consideration of the painting of East and West sufficiently thorough to have included Daumier. Whistlerian amateurs, babbling of the exquisite conventions of the Japanese, thought of themselves as gifted interpreters of the exotic; as persons who had won freedom from the old tedium of European art and taken refuge in another hemisphere, where all was rarefied and miniature and quaint.

To tell such eager children that their new fragile toy was but the old toy in a different shape would have been almost cruelty. They loved the Japanese for being Japanese far more than for the way they did it.

Yet there were commentators here and there, pointing a way for such as cared for thoughtful journeying. Sir Charles Holmes, in a small monograph on Hokusai, published in 1899, wrote :—

> " In his *Treatise on Colouring* (1848) Hokusai mentions Dutch oil painting and Dutch etching, with the criticism : ' In Japanese art they render form and colour without aiming at relief ; in the European process they seek relief and ocular illusion.'
>
> " These words prove that he had seen how, by shadow, the Europeans produce a deceptive appearance of nature, but the Japanese artist is content with form and colour. That the most truly

decorative painting of the West, from Giotto to Puvis de Chavannes, has in practice limited itself in a similar way, is a warning against condemning Hokusai's choice too hastily.

"We are apt to pity Rembrandt and to despise Goya when they are original enough to pass beyond the limits imposed by academic pedants, so that we are hardly ready to view fairly the more constant divergence of the Japanese."*

Ten years later the same authority, discussing the artist's difficulty in securing an identical symbolism of landscape and of character, speaks of Daumier as one of the Western painters who succeed in so doing, and of the Chinese porcelain painters as artists who achieve generic symbolism by giving fantastic (i.e., non-natural) colouring to their fantastic (i.e., non-realistic) trees and rocks.†

But, by the time these thoughts were published, Europe was ready for a simultaneous view of Western and of Eastern art; was ready for post-impressionism; was ready for Daumier. Wherefore, a year later, Sir Charles Holmes could write—and writing, count on understanding and agreement:—

"I think the art of the Post-Impressionists may perhaps be most easily approached from the Oriental side. A thousand years ago its principles of deliberate simplification, of 'synthesis,' of avoiding effects of strong chiaroscuro, of obtaining decorative effect by flat colour and strong outlines were part of the common artistic tradition of China; they persist to-day in Japanese colour prints. Even before this Oriental influence reached Europe as the first wave of the rising flood, similar principles had found expression in the work of Daumier. He yields to none of these moderns [i.e., the artists represented at the first Grafton Gallery exhibition], either in simplicity or in strength, while by his kinship to the great general tradition of European art, his work retains those serviceable decorative qualities which more recent painting [i.e., that of the Impressionists] has so often been compelled to sacrifice."‡

With these words the debt of Western art to Daumier was honourably discharged. He had waited fifty years for payment, but when payment came it was in full and with accumulated interest. Daumier stands now in the great record of world-painting as a man who in himself combined the qualities of

* *Hokusai.* By C. J. Holmes. Artist's Library No. 1. Unicorn Press. 1899.

†*Notes on the Science of Picture Making.* Chatto & Windus. 1909.

‡*Notes on the Post-Impressionist Painters.* By C. J. Holmes. Lee Warner. 1910.

European and of Chinese art; who shared the essential imaginations of both the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. He was tender and realist, with the tender realism of the West; he was a designer as fearless as the decorative masters of the East. He could be humble, like Millet; romantic like Delacroix; brutal like Goya; and at the same time his pictures can hang among those of the most emphatic painters of the nineteen-twenties and yield no jot in vigour or economy of means.

III.

Honoré Daumier was born at Marseilles in February 1808. His father was a glazier with literary ambitions who, having seen one poem in print in the Southern city where he worked, removed his wife and child to Paris in 1823 to seek a wider reputation in the capital.

The ex-glazier of Marseilles found that in pursuing fame and poetry he succeeded only in losing touch with livelihood. His single published book was a complete failure; the glazing did not prosper, for Paris had many glaziers of her own. The boy Honoré was quickly set to earning—first as a junior clerk, then as assistant in a bookshop. He disliked both occupations equally, clinging to a desire to draw. The father, sceptical maybe (and not unnaturally, after his own experience) of the breadwinning qualities of any kind of art, held out for a long while against his son's importunity. At last he appealed to Alexandre Lenoir, founder of the Musée des Monuments Français, who, having examined the boy's drawings, counselled the parents to let him be an artist if he wished it.

The young Honoré soon made friends among the apprentices and pupils of the painting community, from one of whom he learnt the elements of lithography. He began earning odd sums of money for illustrations, for letter-heads and for such casual employments as chance threw in his way. The Paris that saw the uncertain dawn of Daumier's career saw also the last lithographs and drawings of the aged Goya. The old man and the eager boy were personally as distant from one another, though in the same city, as if they had been in different continents. Yet, as the sun of one satirical genius sank to rest, that of another arose.

In 1829 Daumier first published a series of compositions,

among which were a couple of political caricatures. By hazard these two drawings were seen by Charles Philipon, a fanatical republican, deeply involved in the growing popular hatred of the government—at once harsh and fumbling—of Charles the Tenth. The vivid days of the July Revolution of 1830 prefaced, a little oddly, the tranquil materialism of the July Monarchy. Louis Philippe became King of the French. Money and a complacent class of stockbrokers and business men blandly assumed the government of France.

Philipon, cheated of the republican visions of those few days of revolution, set himself with tedious bitterness to taunt and harass the bourgeois who had so basely profited from the Bourbon rout. He had the lack of humour characteristic of the doctrinaire. No slander was too foul, no weapon too contemptible, no jibe too stale to use against those whose politics were different from his own. Let him be freely granted the merits of his faults. He spared neither himself nor his co-workers in the cause. He brought to the work of organising hostility to government single-mindedness and a tireless inventive power. There was no half-heartedness in Philipon. Whatever he risked, he risked unshrinkingly; time, comfort, money, personal safety—all were at the service of convictions and ideals. The pity is that, to posterity, his convictions should seem mere obstinacy and his ideals a very faded foolishness.

But the young Daumier, now formally enrolled among Philipon's storm-troops, was not posterity. He was the eager present, born of humble parentage, struggling by his own work and talents to independence and to a wider life. Is it surprising that the tempestuous fervour of his leader's doctrine swept him away? The ardours of those early years of Philipon's two papers—the weekly " Caricature " and the daily " Charivari " —left their mark on the young man's impressionable spirit. This mark was all the deeper in that Daumier, son of the people and a Provençal, was not an artist in the sense of one remote from life. Alike as youth and as old man he found material for his art in daily happenings or in such allegory as had direct and easy bearing on events. Maybe, as certain commentators claim, he had not in a literal sense political dogmas of his own. But it is certain that he accepted readily enough the conventional libertarianism that inspired Philipon's virulent cam-

paigns. He became a typical " garret revolutionary," to whom reactionary views or the manning of a barricade were equally improbable.

It is partly because Daumier was, as it were, an academic agitator during the years of his association with Philipon, that facts as to his way of life so scantily survive. Behind the curtain of " La Caricature " he pulled the wires that made the hated politicians jump, that set in lumbering ignoble motion the pear-shaped bulk of Louis Philippe himself. A journalist's life is either very full of happening or very empty of it. Daumier was a journalist and one cruelly hard-worked; but his part was physically unadventurous, requiring him in fact only to respond when Philipon called for fresh insults to the enemy.

If, therefore, it is recorded that from 1830 to 1835 Daumier contributed ceaselessly to " La Caricature "; that for six months early in this period he was in prison for his drawing *Gargantua;* that for the rest he ate and slept and walked the streets of Paris learning to love his fellow men, while parroting his hatred of the government—all is recorded that is known to us.

But in September 1835 his mental habit, if not his way of life, was radically changed. " La Caricature " came to an end, crushed by a law that in exasperation forbade Press-comment hostile to the government and of a kind to provoke breaches of public order.

To the journal's last number, which appeared on August 27, Daumier contributed his sinister and bitter plate : " *We have not died in vain* ! " In this drawing corpses of three Frenchmen, dead for freedom's sake, rise from their tombs to contemplate a massacre of other Frenchmen at the hands of their own countrymen.

With the disappearance of " La Caricature," Daumier gave his energies to that journal's daily sister, " Le Charivari." The tone of this paper had always been non-political, its satire aiming at social rather than at governmental foibles. For the next thirteen years—until the revolutionary weeks of 1848—Daumier remained a satirist of manners. His life was even more uneventful than before. In the greater tranquillity of mind, brought by his more tranquil occupation, he became friendly with other painters; became, in fact, one of a circle of now famous artists.

A few of these had been of his acquaintance ever since he went to work for Philipon. Rapidly his circle widened. Décamps, for example, was a colleague and an admired collaborator, whose Salon exhibit in 1834 Daumier had redrawn for popular reproduction in a special number of the "Charivari." With the whole "Indépendant" group of these early days of the romantic movement Daumier had relations. Not only did he daily meet them in street or café; he also shared their studies at a nurses-registry-turned-art-school in the Rue St. Denis. He worked in company with Paul Huet, with Préault, with Feuchère, with Jeanron, with Théodore Rousseau and with Diaz. On the authority of Arsène Alexandre we have it that Daumier would frequently paint the incidental figures required by Diaz for the peopling of his woodland scenes; while his portrait of Rousseau (Plate 63), consciously romantic in its bearded artistry, dates probably from the middle or late thirties.

Of Daumier's status or of his individual behaviour among these painter-sculptor friends little evidence survives. The fact is striking. In popular repute he must have been among the most conspicuous. His work for Philipon had attracted wide notice, and his reputation as cartoonist and as master of caricature, even by 1840, was considerable. Yet, while contemporary memorists tell tales of Décamps or of Diaz, few note eccentricities or thoughts expressed of Daumier.

One hazards that, as in the early days of "La Caricature" Daumier had assumed unquestioningly and ready-made the stereotyped radicalism of Philipon, so from his conscientiously romantic friends he borrowed the mannerisms of conventional Bohemia. The thought of so stocky, square-faced, and commonsensical a creature in attitudes of Murger ecstasy is comical and full of pathos. Yet Daumier had his period of painstaking romanticism, the result of which must have been sadly unconvincing. And fortunately so; for we are told that, when after 1848 he became intimate with Delacroix, he was excepted from the sweeping and contemptuous dislike with which the greatest of French romantic painters regarded "les artistes à barbe," who had played so large a part in the collapse of the July Monarchy.

That Daumier should not have impressed himself by intellectual brilliance, by wit or by an exaggerated way of life, on

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the artist group with whom he spent the years to 1848, is explicable enough. Sons of the people, who, by innate qualities of mind, win through to a companionship that is in birth and taste and education superior to the class from which they spring, are ill-equipped for epigram or picturesque extravagance. Daumier is known to have been gauche in company; and even among his intimates to have been generally content to sit and listen or to join with unobtrusive frankness in their talk of art. His bursts of gaiety were, as would be expected, a little puerile. He was incapable of scintillation, and his poverty was always stringent enough to curb any desire for wayward oddity of life. We look for aphorism, for strange indulgences, for artifice, from aristocrats like Toulouse-Lautrec or like Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Daumier could not have seen the common people as he did; could not have shared their mild amusements; could not have erected in their honour the monument of his observant, sympathetic art, had he not been profoundly one with them; as they are, inarticulate; as they are, temperamentally obtuse; as they are, thwarted but enduring.

The years passed tranquilly, until once more the sky of France dawned redly and another social epoch crashed in violence. 1848 brought back again the frenzied hopes of 1830. The bourgeois Monarchy had disappointed even those who looked to it only for quiet compromise. Mr. Philip Guedalla distils the essence of those uneasy, sham-contented years into a few sentences of "The Second Empire":

> "France, under Louis Philippe, was full of a vague thwarted belief in the sovereignty of the people. It was an age of lost illusions. The Revolution of 1830 had opened with a flourish of republican trumpets and ended with a deadening roll of bourgeois drums, and Paris began to stir uneasily. As in all periods of discontent, there was a rank and bitter growth of political caricature, in which the genius of Daumier cut savagely at the unheroic figure of the King. The country had begun to despise its new masters, and men would believe any meanness of the government. They came together easily in crowds, and as they learnt that it is not difficult to force up a few paving stones and turn an omnibus on its side, the barricades began to become a political habit. There was an intermittent rattle of musketry in the streets of Paris, as the National Guard defended royal law and bourgeois order; and the Orléans monarchy drifted steadily further from its popular origins."*

* *The Second Empire.* By Philip Guedella. Constable. 1922.

Early in 1848 the severance between the monarchy of Louis Philippe and the democratic ideals to which it paid lip-service became so complete that discontent broke into open disaffection. A few days saw Paris jolt once again down the steep slope to revolution. What had been a political luncheon party on the Monday, became a sullen demonstration on the Tuesday, a bout of stone-throwing on Wednesday, and on Thursday a wild struggle at the barricades.

The cheering crowds that ushered in the Second Republic were once again the crowds of 1830. They were as hot-headed, as cliché-ridden and as sincere in momentary impulse as had been their fathers eighteen years before. Only their clothes were different.

Whether, in general, they had their fathers' sympathy is dubious. The revolutions of a younger generation do not appeal like those of our own adolescence. Young people seem so noisy; so easily duped by catch-words and by vague promise of a golden age. Probably those demonstrators of 1830, who could turn aside and leave their sons to shout along the streets of '48, did so; and shrugged their shoulders sceptically, as who would say that there is nothing new (particularly in revolutions) under the age-long sun. Others, less fortunate, must play their part; must make a show of eager violence; must justify the faith placed in them by a rising generation.

Of such was Daumier. From the retirement of the Ile St. Louis, where now he lived, he was dragged out into the arena of caricature. The freedom for which in the past he had fought, now seemed within reach. The new revolution called for help to one who had done conspicuous service for its predecessor.

And Daumier answered to the call. Once more he plunged into political satire, celebrating the rout of bourgeois royalism by the republic; gleefully picturing the mob at large in the salons of the Tuileries. But though he made brave gestures of enthusiasm, his heart was no longer in the work. Already and before the revolution, he had begun to devote himself to painting. He was tired of caricature; tired of the ceaseless topicality that regular cartooning required of him.* He wanted to be let

*A story is told that illustrates his weariness of satirical draughtsmanship. At the beginning of the Second Empire a young caricaturist, named Carjat, contrived an introduc-

alone to think and to see visions and to experiment. Instead, he found himself thrust once more upon the hustings, and there expected to shout and cheer and fill his mouth with the old shibboleths that, even if he still believed them, were now a tedium because they were an interruption.

In other respects also the revolutionary Daumier of 1848 was an embarrassed and unhappy man. The artist of the grim *Rue Transnonain* (Plate 71) could not unmoved hear of the barbarities of a victorious mob, even though acting in the name of liberty. To Daumier the brutal soldiery of 1834 had been evil for their brutality rather than for the cause they served. He was a humanitarian too sincere to condone a cruelty because committed by his party's friends. Wherefore we find him trying at once to celebrate the revolution and to protest against its excesses. The impossibility of a thankless task deprived his work of the supreme qualities of earlier days. One must admit that the political Daumier from 1848 is but a shadow of his former self. *Macaire,* his only great creation of the Second Empire days, is more a social than a political pastiche.

The pathos of Daumier's life first becomes evident and painful in this year of '48. To free himself for painting, he desired release from journalistic caricature. But only by caricature could he get money or even notice. Therefore he forced himself to continue work of which he was weary. The weariness is evident; Daumier must have been as conscious of it as any student of to-day can be. But the public saw it not and gave to his drawings the same uncritical applause as formerly.

The picture, however, is not wholly dark. In some respects he had contentment and increasingly. A short two years before the revolution of 1848 he had married. His wife, Marie Alexandrine, was a dressmaker, twenty-four years of age and, like himself, a glazier's child. The artist took his bride to live in an old house on the Quai d'Anjou, in the most ancient part of Paris. Nearby lived Daubigny and Gautier and Baudelaire. The Ile St. Louis was an artist's quarter. Théodore de Banville, who at about this time made Daumier's acquaintance, describes

tion to Daumier. The latter looked over the aspirant's work. " Not at all bad," he said. " But why the devil does a youngster like you want to waste time over caricature? " Carjat expressed respectful surprise at such words from the famous Daumier. " My boy," said the master sadly, " for thirty years I have been hoping that every plate I did would be my last."

the artist's room. It was very simple, with light grey walls unpictured save by an unframed lithograph of Préault's *Les Parias*.* A black square stove of varnished tiles; some chairs; bulging portfolios of drawings and lithographs, propped awkwardly against the walls; in one corner, the untidy work-table—these were the sum of Daumier's furnishings.

His windows overlooked the river and its banks. He would sit by the hour smoking his pipe, watching the poplar trees and the sun setting over the old houses to the west. He would watch the fishermen; the boats laboriously and comically passing up and down; the humble folk bathing their children; the women with their baskets of linen, climbing the steps to the roadway after work in the public washhouses; the collectors and hopeful amateurs peering for prints and books along the quayside.

At other times he would stroll quietly about the streets enjoying the crowds of shoppers; the disputants in cafés; the groups of persons waiting for a train or omnibus; the booths of jugglers and acrobats; the black-gowned lawyers passing in and out of the great doorway of the Palais de Justice that stood so near to his home. Of every glimpse of life as it was lived in Paris in those days he made a picture, so that to study a collection of his paintings is almost to accompany him upon his walks; almost to sit beside him at the wide window opening upon the Seine.†

To the circle of Daumier's friends were now added Courbet and Daubigny and Delacroix, Barye and Dupré, Meissonier and Bonvin. Corot had come to know him earlier, but their real intimacy dates from '48. The big room overlooking the river became a rendezvous for quiet men, who liked to smoke and drink their beer and speak of art together.

From the de Goncourts we obtain a glimpse of Daumier's

*Doubtless the lithograph was that made by Daumier himself from his friend's work, after this had been rejected by the Salon in a manner regarded by Préault's companions as unjust. Daumier's superb reproduction was made to popularise a work victimised by academic jealousies.

†Gustave Geffroy, in an article on Daumier, published in the "Revue de l'Art ancien et moderne," during 1901, described at length the view from the windows of No. 9 Quai d'Anjou, and concluded: "Sheer Daumier! The cry is instinctive, as one looks at a scene that combines all the lithographs, drawings and paintings in which the artist depicted the quiet, comical, laborious, homely life of the old Paris reflected in the waters of the Seine."

home in 1856; a glimpse at second hand and through the sensitive but careless eyes of Gavarni :—

> " This evening Gavarni gave us an amusing picture of Daumier at home—a great artist, he said, and the one most indifferent to his own success that he had ever met. He bade us imagine a large room where round a stove sat men on the floor, each with his tankard. In a corner stood a table littered in the most inextricable confusion with every kind of lithographic tool or material; in another corner the artist's general-servant-and-pupil-in-one knocked away at an old pair of shoes."

It seems then that the unobtrusive host at these informal gatherings gave to one of his guests at least an impression of indifference to his personal success. The fact throws light on Daumier's diffidence and modesty and the reserve behind which he hid his aspirations.

For aspirations he emphatically possessed. De Banville tells a story that shows Daumier anything but indifferent to the perfection of his art, and at the same time creates for us with a certain definition an elusive and unrecorded personality.

Having with some difficulty persuaded the editor of an advanced literary journal called " Le Corsaire " to commission from Daumier a vignette which, once engraved, could serve as a device for the magazine in substitution of one by Tony Johannot, de Banville called on the artist to explain his editor's requirement.

He found Daumier working away at lithography and humming to himself the tinkling refrain of a then popular song.

" I apologised," writes de Banville, " for the wretched price of one hundred francs that was all I could offer for the desired drawing. Daumier laughed. The money was of no importance. What troubled him was that he disliked the whole commission. He was tired of drawing for wood-engraving and did not want to do so any more. Nine times out of ten the engraver dishonoured the artist. Lithography was the only process of reproduction that could satisfy him in future.

" On behalf of the young enthusiasts of ' Le Corsaire ' I begged him to reconsider his decision. I told him of my struggle to persuade the editor to accept Daumier at all as designer of the device. He replied, after a moment's thought : ' I like you and I would like to be of service to you. But I will

not do this drawing. In itself it will be idiotic. Damn all allegories! say I. Things that have neither head nor tail. 'Le Corsaire,' indeed! How can a magazine be a ship or a pirate or a writer? This kind of thing is all rubbish. *Pas de ça, Lisette!*'

"And once again he began to hum at his futile little tune. Then he spoke again: 'Besides, I am so lazy. I work from morning till night because I am compelled to; but at bottom I am the laziest fellow alive. Suppose you force me to promise you this drawing. You must realise that I shall try every trick and tell any lie to evade my promise.'"

De Banville took the risk and persisted. With gruff good-humour Daumier yielded. Then began a period of pursuit. Reluctant artist was haunted by eager poet. With one excuse after another Daumier sought to escape from his importunate young friend.

So it went on, until one day Daumier suddenly took a wood-block and, in an hour and before de Banville's very eyes, improvised the drawing for the "Corsaire." Overjoyed with his success and with the fine design that he had at last secured, the young poet sped triumphant to his editor. But this gentleman (maybe a little tired of waiting) dashed de Banville's enthusiasm. He refused to use the drawing after all. Daumier got his money, but the block was shut away in a drawer and has never been seen since. Crestfallen, the ambassador returned to the Quai d'Anjou and stuttered his excuses to Daumier. But the artist merely smiled and replied: "Does that kind of thing still astonish you? My dear young friend, if a man is to please everybody, he must be a musical box or a pipe made of barley sugar. . . . ."

There is much to be inferred about the real Daumier from this anecdote, which I have rather paraphrased than translated from de Banville's "Souvenirs."

In the artist's vilification of allegory lies a certain significance. For all his acceptance of abstract libertarianism, for all that he painted *La République* and caricatured the cabinet of Louis Philippe routed by Liberty, Daumier found beauty more readily in homely fact than in the most transcendent fancy.

His calm acquiescence in the rejection of his drawing proves him to have been tranquil in adversity, modest in expectation

of success, but emphatically not indifferent (seeing how steadily he sought, for an ideal's sake, to be excused the work at all) to the possible perfection of his art.

We know now how desperately during the years from 1850 onwards he struggled to make up in painting the time which he felt to have been thrown away on caricature. We know now how ardently he had prepared his picture *La République* (Plate 54). This he painted in 1848 at the suggestion of Courbet and Bonvin, for a competition which invited designs for the adornment of the Hôtel de Ville in commemoration of the Second Republic. Daumier's picture received neither prize nor praise. We are free to imagine with what stoical courage he bore the failure of that first open attempt to win recognition for his serious art.

Courage was needed, for in the very next year came a further disappointment. He was commissioned by the Director of the Beaux-Arts to paint a religious picture for some provincial church. But his attempt was disapproved and a non-religious painting purchased in its place. "Where is now that religious picture?" asked Viollet le Duc in 1878. The question is unanswered, unless indeed the important painting *Le bon Samaritain,* reproduced as frontispiece to the present volume, is the missing work.*

Wherefore, if to Gavarni Daumier's reserve and self-control spelt indifference, one rather questions the perception of the observer than suspects dissimulation in the observed. Among Daumier's other friends many, guessing the longing of their colleague for some recognition, gave him at least the comfort of their personal praise. They had this advantage over the public—that they saw in his own studio the versions in oil of the scenes of bourgeois life that he had lithographed for the "Charivari." Such "practice work" he did not exhibit publicly. Likely enough, even had he done so, the casual visitor would have echoed Thackeray, who, as a touring Englishman of artistic interests, writes in one place of

*I venture the suggestion because Herr Klossowski (to whose courtesy I owe the forgotten anecdote of Daumier's official commissioning) includes a *Bon Samaritain* in his catalogue of Daumier's paintings. He remarks: "Mentioned by Arsène Alexandre," but without comment. Now, by Mr. William Burrell's kind permission, the missing *Bon Samaritain* is for the first time reproduced. Is it not possible that this is the very painting commissioned in 1849, rejected and since then lost to view?

" Daumier's rude and barbarous pictures." Nevertheless a public, familiar only with the work actually exhibited, with *La République,* with *Le Voleur et l'Ane* (Plate 59), with *Le Cortège de Silène* (Plate 60); and with, perhaps, a pair of water-colours, were ill-informed in Daumier, who, before 1860, had produced numbers of the oil-paintings that enchant the nineteen-twenties.

Daumier's ill-success with picture-making had grave economic as well as spiritual reactions. Until 1860, though he had come to hate the work, he could rely on the " Charivari " and on the hold his drawings kept on public favour for daily bread and butter. The problem was to gain sufficient leisure for his serious painting—for the work that only half a dozen people liked and for which no one could be made to pay. The frenzy of this hunt for painting-time began to wear him down. He would toil all night at his week's quota of lithography, sometimes slaving simultaneously at eight stones, in order the sooner to be free for the work he loved. The strain became too great. He would not abandon his dearest wish ; he could not—and at the same time do his caricaturist's duty—gratify it.

And then befell a real disaster. Of a sudden the public lost their taste for him—or so editors maintained. "Le Charivari" showed him the door. He was in bitter fact forced to rely on oil and water-colour for his subsistence. It has hitherto been maintained that in 1860 Daumier deliberately renounced his contract with " Le Charivari," and for love of serious art risked his household's daily bread. The truth is less heroic.

The years that followed—those from 1860 to 1864—saw Daumier in bitter poverty. His water-colours courted purchasers in vain at fifty francs. " Le Charivari," to whom, despairing, he applied for an occasional commission, would still have none of him. Other papers declared that his vogue was past. " Le Monde Illustré," which had accepted certain drawings, noticed a drop in circulation and blamed poor Daumier. Things were desperate.* His friends got him a pension from the State of about one hundred pounds a year. He left Paris

*How bad they were is implied by a letter written to Valmondois, in 1863, by a friend who had heard of possible illustration work for the distressed artist. The letter concludes : " In case you are prevented from coming to Paris to see M. —— by want of money, I send you fifteen francs herewith. Cash the order at the post office at L'Isle Adam."

and lived entirely in a tiny cottage at Valmondois, between Paris and Pontoise.

But there came a time when even his home was threatened. The good Corot, with characteristic and unobtrusive sympathy, came to the rescue. Saying nothing of his intention, he bought the little house and, on Daumier's birthday, wrote to him as follows :—

" Old friend,

I have a little house at Valmondois, near to l'Isle Adam, that I could not for the life of me think what to do with. Suddenly I thought to give it to you, and, liking the idea, I have had your ownership of it legally confirmed.

I had no idea of doing you a good turn. The whole scheme was carried out to annoy the landlord.

Always your
Corot."

There is no more charming incident in Daumier's life than this. Almost one sees the friendly Corot, quietly smiling and a little diffident, making his usual visit the day following that on which the letter was received. Daumier is at first awkward; then throws his arms round Corot's neck and cries: " Ah, Corot! You are the only man from whom I can take such a present and not feel humiliated! " Forthwith the two friends talk of something else; a few days later Daumier sends his benefactor a law-court painting—that in which one barrister, cynically appreciative, watches his brother and his rival in full oratorical spate. The incident is as worthy an example of thoughtful generosity and genuine thankfulness between two members of a craft as history can record.

Possession of his Valmondois cottage removed from Daumier the threat of homelessness, that final terror of the poor. But daily bread must still be won, and amateurs of painting were obstinately blind to the work he offered them. Even such opportunities of profit as came his way, he wasted in his naïf modesty.

Daubigny interested an American dealer in Daumier's work.

" Are his prices high? " asked the dealer.

" Very high," replied Daubigny, and hurried to his friend's studio to warn him of the coming visitor.

" Put your newest picture ready on the easel," he said,

" and refuse to take less than five thousand francs for it. Mind that. It is important."

The dealer came; studied the picture; asked the price. Daumier blushed furiously.

" Five thousand francs," he stammered.

" I'll have it," said the American promptly. " Have you any more? "

The artist produced another picture, larger and more important than the first.

" Ha! " cried the American. " And how much is this one? "

Poor Daumier was wholly at a loss. Daubigny had given no instruction for such an emergency. He scratched his head and coughed embarrassment. At last : "Six hundred francs" he said.

The American, contemptuous, took his departure and Daumier never saw him again.

During these years of hardship, no less than in their times of modest prosperity, Marie Alexandrine Daumier (" Didin " he called her, or " Didine," or even " ma négresse ") tended her husband quietly and with self-effacement. He seems to have lived at once independently of her and in reliance on her faithful tenderness. M. Escholier publishes a few of Daumier's letters to his wife which show him anxious if he had no regular word of her, eager to rejoin her, ready to retail trivial daily news. At the same time he would go alone as much to café or to painter-gathering as would any bachelor, and we may assume that Madame Daumier had little share (nor wished for more) in her husband's spiritual adventures.

* * * * *

It was late in 1863 that " Le Charivari " came to its senses. Realising the genius they had turned away, they begged Daumier to return. He accepted—gladly, perhaps, from a material point of view; but certainly with a sense that once again the prison gates would clang behind him.

A banquet was held to celebrate his return to caricature. With what strange blend of relief and bitterness must Daumier have sat that evening in the seat of honour and heard the

speeches and the cheers that, cruelly kind, were jubilations over his recapture. His poor little revolt (revolt it almost was, for all that it had been forced upon him) had failed. With pride and ardent aspiration he had gone out into the wilderness. Now, after four years of struggle, he had crawled back defeated, and his failure was toasted to the skies. Perhaps he knew that freedom was never to be his again; perhaps beyond the gilding and mirrors of the banquet hall, he saw the grey road of the future stretch away, and his own figure, bowed beneath its hateful burden, trudge draggingly toward the last horizon. Poor Daumier! For on that night of laughter and applause, he did in fact assume once more the shackles of a detested trade, shackles that he must carry until he dropped beneath their weight.

Little remains to tell. The dozen years of life that still were his brought neither fame nor contentment to his unhappy soul. But there were times of quiet pleasure at Valmondois or with his friends in Paris; and occasional hints of future artistic triumph broke the monotony of public indifference. Préault secured him the offer of a decoration, but Daumier put the opportunity gently on one side.

There is a pleasant story connected with this refusal of the "Croix"; a story that throws light alike on Daumier and on his tempestuous colleague Gustave Courbet, who had himself rejected the decoration with characteristic ostentation. The two men met at the railway station of l'Isle Adam on the very evening of the day when Daumier had given his negative. Courbet embraced his friend with fervour:

"Great man!" he cried. "Like me you have rejected their dirty decoration! But why so quietly? One should do things of this kind with show and noise!"

Daumier shook his grey head reproachfully:

"No, no, Courbet," he said. "I did what I thought right. I am satisfied. But the whole matter is no business of the public's."

And Courbet, climbing abashedly into the train, muttered to his companion:

"Daumier is hopeless! He is a dreamer—nothing more!"

Indeed, Courbet was a very different type from Daumier. So much so, that no real intimacy was ever theirs. But they

were on good nodding terms, and at times shared their small triumphs. Once Daumier was fêted jointly with Courbet by his friends; at another time, and at Courbet's suggestion, he was even member of a Government commission.

But these slight recognitions could not cheat him into complacency. He was getting old and his eyes began to fail. Ever more completely he withdrew from Paris. One final effort on his behalf was made by those who knew him for an artist. In the spring of 1878 Daubigny, Dupré and a few companions organised the collective exhibition of his oils and water-colours, to which reference has above been made. Victor Hugo was president of the Committee; trumpets were flourished. Daumier should live to see himself famous; at least his poverty would be finally dispelled.

The incident reads like a premonition of the attempt made, thirteen years later, jointly to benefit Verlaine and Gauguin by a special performance of "Les Uns et les Autres" at a theatre whose foyer was hung with Gauguin pictures. In both cases there were eager preparations and resounding patronage; in both cases slender, pitiful results. The benefit performance was a sad failure, while the Daumier exhibition hardly paid expenses. Bitter comment was later made on the counter attractions of the moment—the funeral of Pius IX; an international exhibition of industry; a new dancer at the music halls. In competition with these, the strange and moody art of an old man, once popular, now helpless and forgotten, went down without a struggle.

The next year Daumier died—struck with paralysis; blind; and, save for his faithful band of friends, alone. They buried him at State expense at Valmondois. Later his body was removed to Père Lachaise and laid by those of Corot and of Daubigny. An agitation for a public monument in Paris was shrugged into quiescence. Thirty years later Arsène Alexandre, writing in a magazine in support of a movement to erect a monument to Toulouse-Lautrec, made caustic reference to Daumier's neglected death :—

> "A Committee in Toulouse asks for our help in causing a monument to be set up to Toulouse-Lautrec. Long ago, when there was a talk of a monument to Daumier in Paris, we suggested that in the Place de la Bourse a statue be erected, showing Daumier eager and

happy among the crowds that thronged at his feet, and supported by figures of Ratapoil, Bertrand and Macaire. We were thought to be joking, and the whole agitation petered out in a wretched little bust in a country cemetery, near where Daumier passed the last and most unhappy years of his life."

It is possible, when reading this and similar outbursts, to respect the indignation of Daumier's few contemporary admirers, while realising that time has done far more for him than could a dozen monuments. In the heart of every lover and student of painting Daumier has now his statue, while commemoration of his genius is stamped indelibly across the finest artistic production of our epoch.

IV.

With Daumier's life story set down as thoroughly as the scant data will allow, it is possible to venture on a few more general speculations pertinent to an understanding of his work.

Flaubert's dictum: "The work is everything, the man is nothing" has been invoked by critics to suggest the argument that an artist's personality is something apart from his written, composed or painted work, that genius chooses strange habitations in which to dwell and that a full appreciation of artistic achievement may be formed without reference to—almost without knowledge of—the responsible human being.

It is permissible to doubt if this theory is ever wholly sound; it is permissible even to suspect that Flaubert was concerned rather to dispute the prudery which condemns an artist's work for his personal irregularities of life than wholly to eliminate the human element in criticism; it is certain that Daumier the man, Daumier the caricaturist and Daumier the artist are so inextricably one that to attempt any separate analysis of his character, his caricature or his painting is to court meaningless generality.

Of the main elements of his nature, his career as above set forth has given certain indications. We must not forget that he was born of the people; that at a most impressionable age he was offered a livelihood and escape from an embarrassed home in exchange for obedience to a political creed; that throughout his life his economic survival depended on the practice of an art which was only half a satisfaction to his spirit;

that his single attempt to earn a living by an art more serious was a sorry failure; that even by faithful service to a task he hated he never earned more than a competence.

Inevitably so stringent a reality left its mark upon his work. The influence of Philipon and the pressure of material needs combined to overlay his real nature with a quality that was not his.

The fundamental Daumier was a being of instinctive kindliness and simplicity; a friendly, ordinary soul, timid before the glitter and rapidity and daring speculation of a world to which it did not naturally belong; content to be a silent watcher at the feast to which, for talent's sake, it had been bidden.

Writing of the work of one of Daumier's early colleagues, M. Marcel uses the phrase: *ample bonhomie*. The words may fitly be applied to Daumier himself. He had a breadth of genial tolerance toward the folk he loved to draw that would alone distinguish him from his great contemporaries—from Guys, the brilliant *roué* and voluptuous cynic; from Gavarni, the amateur of fragile prettiness.

But there are further qualities, inherent in the son of the glazier from Marseilles, that set him apart not only from his generation but from all satirical French artists of his rank.

Among the thousands of his published caricatures there is no single plate that can be termed indecent. Vulgar he often is; but not indecorous. I can trace no evidence even of secret experiments in licentiousness.

This, for an artist in the great line of Latin humorous draughtsmanship, is remarkable. Daumier felt a real repugnance for salacity in art, although, no doubt, he found such a repugnance the easier to maintain because of his considerable indifference to the allurements of the flesh.

He was well known, not only for his regularity of life in the more general sense, but also for his sobriety in the particular matter of strong drink. This was an unusual element in artist circles, and Daumier had a certain renown for his peculiar abstinence. The Goncourts tell a story in a different sense, but little credence need be given to it. Daumier was a sober man. The fact gives point to another anecdote in de Banville's "Souvenirs," which tells how Daumier assisted his giant *concierge* Anatole to gratify a passion for light opera. Anatole

was on familiar terms with the quiet artist who lodged in the old house on the Ile St. Louis, and one day confessed his longing to visit the Opéra Comique. Daumier, who was on the free list of the theatre, gave the enormous porter leave to make use of his name whenever he wished to see a performance.

After some weeks of joyful dissipation Anatole showed signs of returning gloom. He owned finally that to sit in working clothes among black-coated lawyers in the stalls spoilt his evenings' pleasure. "That," replied Daumier, "is easily remedied. I have a superb black coat which I only wear twice a year. Do you wear it, when you visit the Opéra Comique."

Anatole was now completely happy. Among the legal playgoers he held his own. But joy was his undoing. He took the habit of calling at every wineshop on the way to the theatre, and one night arrived extremely drunk. He began to interrupt the performance; shouting to the players; smacking his neighbours in the stomach; talking loudly of "we legal gentlemen." They threw him out and struck Daumier's name from the free list.

Years afterwards an old habitué of the Opéra Comique, talking to de Banville of past days and, incidentally, of Daumier, said: "Ah, yes—Daumier . . . . what a pity a man of so much talent could not keep off the drink. . . ."

It may be hazarded that Daumier was no more troubled by erotic impulses than by craving for alcohol. Women he often painted; for a period he worked almost entirely in the nude. Yet his women, be they small bourgeois or be they bacchantes, are not only without sex-appeal but painted without the least consciousness of sex. This does not mean that Daumier had no fondness or kindliness for women. At times he loved them. But his love is for his easy-going companionable wife; for the girl-child; for the young mother; or for the old and weary woman. In other words, he looks for comfortable friendship that he can share; for helplessness that he can succour; for selfless devotion at which to smile his tenderness; for tired pathos with which to sympathise. Gavarni, with his well-rounded midinettes; Guys, with his shameless ballerines or his superb, disdainful ladies of the town; Lautrec, with his passionate wantons; Rops, with his seraglio of sinister or miserable harlots—these, and in the order given, stretch away

from where stands Daumier to the extreme other pole of modern mimicry of manners.

As painter also Daumier is the least sensual of realists. Compare a Fantin *Tannhäuser* with one of Daumier's bacchanals; set his *Mother and Child* beside a Millet of like theme; contrast his picture *Les Lutteurs* with Courbet's well-known canvas of the same name. Each experiment will show Daumier wholly unsensuous. His bacchantes have twice the solidity and fleshiness of Fantin's Courts of Venus, but none of the allurement. His mother is all tenderness and humility toward her child; but where Millet would relish the warmth and glow of a realised fecundity, Daumier stoops to no secondary evocation, content to paint only the sentiment inherent in his picture and the rhythms by which that sentiment is expressed. Finally, to Courbet's eyes the wrestling men are intricate knots of sinew and of muscle sheathed in glistening skin, but Daumier prefers them as a background, barely anatomised, for the anxious figure of the next performer waiting in nervous suspense for his turn to come. Once again the bodily is subordinated to the spiritual.

And yet in "exuberant carnality" (the phrase is Herr Meier-Graefe's) Daumier outstrips not only the painters mentioned but a host of others. He is continually preoccupied with the bulk of his subject, whether it be greatly present or emphatic for its absence. He has been spoken of as Rubens's rival in the building of heavy muscular physique; and his *Silenus* has suggested to one critic comparison with Carpeaux. Part of his worship of young children is for their chubbiness. Conversely, his fondness for the haggard features of the old; his emphasis on the lean cunning of the lawyer's face and hands; even his insistence on the contrasted girth of Quixote and of Sancho—are expressions of the same developed consciousness of physical contour.

It is easy to reconcile the apparent contradictions of such an attitude and, in the light of what we know of Daumier, to account for them.

He came of a class that is sexually prudish, but mentally gross. The humour of immodesty or wantonness is a humour of luxury. Daumier did not himself live (nor had he in his veins the blood of ancestors who lived) the kind of life in which

occurred the mishaps and cynicisms and elegant follies that delighted Guys. Irregularities, if they came before his eyes at all, were never alluring or mysterious, but merely sordid. On the other hand, he felt none of the reserves that a more fastidious mind would have felt before commonplace physical squalors. To him a swollen paunch or a running nose or an ugly bourgeois in his night-shirt were in themselves things of humour. This very crudity of taste in fun qualified him for caricature, and his trade of satirical cartoonist undoubtedly led him to exploit it purposely.

The essence of Daumier's satire is physical absurdity as an expression of mental folly. The human outline is the raw material of cartooning and, when a draughtsman begins as Daumier began, with deliberately offensive distortions of public men, he comes to regard exaggerations of physique as one of the chief weapons in his armoury.

At this point, however, his individuality asserted itself. Because he reacted strongly to pathos, to tenderness and to humble absurdity, but not at all to prettiness, to social polish or to physical desire, he chose his subjects where the former elements were present, and eschewed the rest. To love, in its accepted sense, he seems to have been as indifferent as to elegance or to desperate villainy; wherefore his lovers, when he drew them, were pathetic or ludicrous for some reason other than their love-making, and scenes of fashionable life he utterly ignored.

Further, because his drawings were in themselves complete as satire and had little or no dependence on the legends beneath them, he was naturally attracted to scenes and walks of life in which action of itself expresses drama. Ball-room wit is a thing of clever speech, in which motion of the hands or facial expression are mere subsidiaries to the spoken word. The intimacies of the house of accommodation or the private supper-room are likewise, in a pictorial sense, monotonous enough, so that the artist relies on conversation or on a neatly rendered underline for the real point of his design. Daumier, on the other hand, drew what he *saw,* and in the streets and among the thousand comedies of ordinary daily life he saw little incidents that in themselves were drama.

" Il faut être de son temps." No other dictum of his has

been preserved. By it, surely, Daumier meant that a man should find material for his art in what went on about him; that he should be content with simple truths and daily happenings, and not go seeking for elaborate fancies, for abnormalities, for artificial novelty.

The last was certainly not his own practice. He could not have been that kind of artist, even if he would. His imagination was of a different sort. The occasions upon which he aimed at lofty conceptions, at allegory, or at a fine idealism are those upon which he came most near to failure. His famous painting *La République* (Plate 54), for all the interest that attaches to its production, is not a good picture in the widest sense. Its composition is grandiose enough; the lines of the grouped figures run in real Daumier rhythm. But there is something awkward, even a little silly, in the idea of it. The figure of the Republic has the blank majesty of an unused theatre—an immense void waiting for human agency to vitalise its emptiness; the two boys feeding at her breasts are of an age to cut their meat and bite it, and have left mother's milk behind some years ago; the third and reading child, no older than his brothers, yet scans the book of liberty while they hang hungry at the breast. It is impossible to see this picture and not feel that Daumier was painting to a text; that the idea of it was not spontaneously his. The same, though in a less degree, is true of his *Silenus* series; true, also, from a slightly different point of view, of those of his caricatures that in their setting are not "de son temps"—the "Histoires Anciennes," for example, or the eighteenth-century pastiches of statesmen drawn during the early years of the Second Empire.

The greatest Daumier, then, is he who paints what he has seen and known and understood and, painting, glorifies it. To the aphorism quoted he might have added "et de son monde," for social class is as important to his work as is the epoch of its creation. If it is true to say that Daumier could make a picture of the most ordinary scene—three men about a portfolio of prints; two smokers in a café; a game of chess; a crowded railway carriage—it is equally true to insist that the scene be one of small bourgeois life, exception being made for the story of Don Quixote which had, as will be seen, its own appeal to him.

Daumier's bourgeois belongs to the family of immortal

types that dignify the history of Western art. The grandee of Velasquez; the Watteau shepherdess; the burgomaster of Franz Hals; the wasted Greco saint;—these are a few members of that undying, strangely assorted lineage. The Parisian of the lower middle class, as seen and featured for posterity by Daumier, is not an individual, but a symbol. He stands for a whole class of men and women, with whose most secret being the artist is familiar and in sympathy. " Daumier," wrote Baudelaire, " knows all the absurd misery, all the folly, all the pride of the small bourgeois—this type at once commonplace and eccentric—for he has lived intimately with them and loves them."

But there is another and a profounder interest in Daumier's comprehension of these humble folk. As remarkable as his knowledge of their ways is his sympathy with their stupidities, his actual fondness for the very characteristics that in any other class he would most ruthlessly have censured.

This specialised sympathy reveals the dissimilarity between the fundamental Daumier and that fashioned by years of political lampooning. Marcel says :

> " Beneath his republican enthusiasm and impatience, beneath the bitter hostility toward a régime that flouted his Utopian ideals of free and brotherly democracy, lay a goodness, a gaiety and an indulgence toward humble folk, toward failures, almost toward fools."

The point only requires inversion to fit the pattern of the present argument. To an understanding of Daumier's so varied work it is essential to grasp this duality of good fellowship and fanaticism. It might well seem incredible that the same brain should have conceived the huge assortment of his lithographs—so violently are they contrasted, so contradictory in their impulse—did one not bear in mind that the years from 1830 to 1835 (the years of Philipon's dominant influence) overlaid with a bitter and unscrupulous ferocity the uncritical friendliness of Daumier's nature.

Yet it was indeed a single mind that could imagine the unpardonable libels on Mortier, and at the same time depict with tender humour the foolish pride of musty, middle-class paternity, the squalors of the republic of the poor. It was a single mind that could, with savagery, lampoon the physical

deformities of the politician, and yet depict as homely and pathetic the deformities (no less repellent) of a humbler sphere.

Do not assume that Daumier rancorous was Daumier bribed. He was not of the kind to sell his principles. Rather was he the victim of an illogicality that frequently attacks the partisan—he could not see his enemies as human beings nor cretinism in those for whom he felt a kindness. Daumier-Philipon made monsters of men, because a prejudice would have them so; Daumier-tout-court made men (and lovable men, into the bargain, if ridiculous) of beings so crass as to be almost bestial.

And this he did because he pitied them.

There is a story of a walk taken in company with an intimate through the crumbling alleys of the old Montmartre. The painter, gripping his companion's arm, said with emotion: "We at least have art to comfort us; but what have these wretched folk?"

There spoke the real Daumier.

V.

What, then, are the salient qualities of Daumier's art?

His painting is full of a profound and melancholy sympathy. He is an ennobler of humble things; a hero-worshipper whose admirations are for such as appear contemptible to ordinary eyes; a queer blend of commonplace and genius; in theory a rebel against oppression, but in practice a patient endurer of adversity; a being thwarted equally by temperament and by his age.

In the matter of technique he is a painter with a sculptor's knowledge and sense of the solid. He is by instinct supreme in composition. He is a master of majestic and sombre colouring; a faultless harmoniser of background with figures; a dramatist to whom design is drama in itself and to whom rhythm is the noblest element of design.

It is no disloyalty to his achievement to say that he owes his present dominant position in the world of art rather to his power of design than to his power of imagination. In technique and in the angle of his approach to nature, he forestalled to an astonishing degree the movement known as post-impressionism, which is the movement of the present age. So much

can hardly be said either of his emotional impulse or of his intellectual equipment.

Daumier, judged in bulk, is a monotonous artist and sometimes even dull. He had a great power of feeling, but an imagination frankly limited. At the present day, when every indication in an artist of an earlier age of style or vision sympathetic to our modern tastes is eagerly admired, the narrow scope of Daumier's work is hardly heeded. We hail with such delight this rhythm or that synthesis, that we are happy to ignore the theme or the emotion they express. But when he is a little less the mode than nowadays, his weaknesses will be as salient as his strengths; and he is great enough to be the more abidingly enthroned by a full recognition of his imperfections.

The impression of monotony, gained by the scrutiny of a large body of his work, is partly due to his habit of painting and re-painting one group or little scene. This he did vainly seeking to satisfy his own high standard, and it would be unjust to blame him for repetition of this kind, seeing that many of the works treasured to-day in gallery or in private house were practice sketches intended for no purpose save the artist's own. But there remains a balance of monotony that may not be denied. Not only is there inherent dullness in many of his themes; there is also a lack of resilience in the mind that rose but rarely (and then unsuccessfully) above trivial realisms.

If it be heresy to challenge to this small degree the modern cult for Daumier, if to attempt to disentangle what in him is permanently great from what is only fashionable be judged schismatic, then is this essay heresy and schism. But the living Daumier claimed from his friends, not adulation, but respect and their goodwill; wherefore it seems that he would wish posterity to pay his art like tribute, to show the understanding which is friendship and the reasoned admiration which is true respect.

Once it is admitted that Daumier was a being of ordinary and rather circumscribed mentality, the way is free for an appreciation of his greatnesses as whole-hearted as the most enthusiastic can desire. And this without following those too-extravagant admirers who claim for their hero a philosophy that neither by education nor by temperament he possessed.

Daumier has been presented in some quarters as an inspired scourge of complacent hypocrisy. His drawings of lawyers and his pictures of connoisseurs among their treasures have been cited as ruthless exposures of smugness and selfishness. Surely they are nothing of the kind! Do they not rather manifest the æsthetic interest in demeanour of an artist exceptionally sensitive to facial expression, and the notations by a shrewd and humorous draughtsman of phenomena frequently seen and keenly observed? Just as Daumier delighted in the varied personalities of a third-class carriage; in the diverse eagerness of a crowded theatre; in a group of strolling players; in persons watching fire-works—so also he found material upon which to exercise his mastery of varied physiognomy among the lawyers that thronged the steps and corridors of the Palais de Justice; in the amateurs of art who searched the print-shops or sat in quiet satisfaction among their treasures.

He shows, however, in other sections of his work, what may be called " ulterior emotion " of a well-marked and striking kind. This emotion may be summed up (in words already used) as melancholy reverence for humble suffering and as affectionate sympathy for stupidity or vain ambition.

Most clearly is this sympathy expressed in the long series of his Quixote pictures.

Daumier's love for Quixote was part of his romantic birthright. The generation of French romantic painters to which actually, though with a difference, he belonged, found stimulus in the great books of the past. At one time the group with which he was particularly associated (it included Rousseau, Diaz, Barye and Millet) planned a joint monument to the genius of Lafontaine. Daumier himself found pictures (not, be it observed, material for illustration) in the tragedy of Œdipus and in the plays of Molière, as Delacroix found them in the works of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and Byron. But it was Quixote more than any other legendary figure that appealed to Daumier's sympathy.

Cervantes' hero, at once moving and laughable, dignified and absurd, appealed not only to the artist's keen sense of the ridiculous but also to his feeling for sombre simplicity and to his pity for futility. To say that Daumier had " affection " for Don Quixote would be true enough but, maybe, too familiar.

He seems to have found in the haggard nobility of the immortal knight material for genuine worship. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that Quixote was for Daumier the inspiration and the love that is Christ for the more orthodox believer. Two or three times only did Daumier seek in the story of Christ subject for painting; and only once triumphantly. But it is sufficient to study this noble *Ecce Homo* (Plate 56) to realise that the qualities that make it at once tender and tremendous are the same that ennoble the finest of his Quixote subjects.

Apart from the religious element that is so strong in Daumier's Quixote pictures, these have qualities highly significant to students of his work. They reveal at its highest his power of raising a type into a symbol; of creating a formula expressive both of an emotion and a visual fact. Quixote and Rosinante become a single being imbued with the qualities of its two component parts. As pictured by Daumier they retell Cervantes' story. Compare a Daumier " Quixote " with one of Décamps' illustrations to the romance. The former is an abstraction, a narrative in symbol; the latter a mere pictorial adornment. In the large painting of *Don Quixote and the Windmills* (Plate 1), Rosinante, lashed into a forlorn gallop, lollops across the canvas with the same pitiful and hopeless energy that inspires the knight on his pilgrimage through Cervantes' pages.

One need not force the argument further or insist that the artist saw in Quixote one who, like himself, had pursued vainly every dream. Faith, to the devout believer, is toward something larger and deeper than individual salvation; and in the same way the sympathy felt by Daumier for the most tragic figure of romance went beyond and below mere personal analogy.

Perceptive sympathy of a similar, though of a less ecstatic, kind distinguishes Daumier's pictures of strolling players. These jugglers and mountebanks have, of course, none of the superhuman quality of his Quixote; they are commonplace mortals plying an ordinary and sordid trade. But just as behind the trappings of chivalry that adorn the knight, Daumier felt and emphasized the patient ardour of a desperate idealism, so behind the glitter of lights and spangles or the

clamorous shouting of fair days, he saw the weariness and squalor of the poor actor's life. He paints the acrobats resting between their turns; and they are broken with fatigue, and their eyes and lips—that smiled a moment ago on the thronged benches of the flare-lit tent—are drawn with hunger and anxiety. He paints a noisy company calling "Walk up!" "Walk up!" trumpeting their wares to an indifferent populace; yet contrives, so complete is his knowledge and mastery of physiognomy, to show the weariness that haunts even the most energetic of the troupe.

This delicate appreciation of the unreality of outward pomp or of external gaiety is an essential part of Daumier's observation. Without being either cynical or bitter, he regards human life as a gallant attitude, masking an actuality melancholy or absurd. In this opinion he is more directly the spiritual descendant of Michelangelo* and of Molière than of Rabelais, Rubens or of Hogarth, to all of whom he has (I think unjustifiably) been compared.

For rivalry with Rabelais, or with that essential Rubens that lies behind the physical exuberance of the painted subject, Daumier is at once insufficiently vital and over-reflective. It is not wholly that he lacks joyous acceptance of bodily things; but also that his art, as one critic well says, is an art of second thought. This characteristic was doubtless intensified by his self-confessed inability to draw from nature.

From the work of Hogarth his is as distinct as are the novels of Thomas Hardy from those of Dickens; for though he sees drama where often Hogarth saw it, he gives it expression by mass and tone-contrast as much as by line or colour; works in generalised forms rather than in differentiated details; rouses an echo in the spectator's brooding memory rather than in his ready brain; and, most striking of all, enlists in the service of his dramatic message alike figures and background.†

Daumier's control of landscape symbolism is as vital an

*Both Balzac and Delacroix remarked the Michelangelesque element in Daumier's work; the former in early days, when the young caricaturist was working for Philipon; the latter, after the revolution of 1848.

†It is only necessary to consider how Hogarth would have treated the subject of *Les Pièces à Conviction* (Plate 37) to appreciate the difference between his angle of approach to a dramatic theme and that of Daumier.

element in his technical equipment as is perceptive sympathy in his spiritual quality. From an early date his caricatures show glimpses of river-bank or house-front or dwindling street that are exquisite in themselves and perfectly in tune with the drawing they adorn. To fragmentary visions of Paris slum or Seine-side he gives a beauty almost magical. "From a sour suburb he can create a fairyland," writes Klossowski, "and in his hands Père Lachaise becomes lovely as Fiesole."

Daumier owes much of his present supremacy to the emotional unity of landscape and of figure-drawing which characterises the great body of his work. When Cézanne restored to landscape-art the sense of contour and of architecture which the Impressionists, in their eagerness for clarity and sunlight, had deliberately discarded, he was in fact returning to the rugged harmonies of Daumier. When Vincent van Gogh brought into portraiture and still life a quality of anguish reminiscent of El Greco, his involuntary journey into the past took him by Daumier's door. When, finally, Gauguin gave to the world pictures both calm and rhythmical, both statuesque and luscious, he was as much in Daumier's debt as in that either of Puvis or of Ingres.

Amazingly does the genius of this unassuming Marseillais stand at the cross-roads of artistic history. Daumier bridges the gulf between the baroque and the anti-baroque; between the tradition of Greco and that of Poussin and Chardin. Most of the qualities (other than that of colour) of the revolutionary movement known as Post-Impressionism are to be found to greater or to less degree in Daumier's work.

For few artists can a claim so vast as this be made. Daumier is of the great company of the prophets, and in his posthumous influence, as much as in his actual work, lies immortality.

In the scale against this great quality of ultimate significance all his individual shortcomings weigh lightly as feathers. If, as Klossowski says, the actual corpus of his work be rather a superb ruin than a finished building; if his art be only a tumbled pile of splendour unachieved, posterity has quarried to high purpose among tragic litter, building itself a temple of which each stone is signed with Daumier's name. Thus is Post-Impressionism in effect a shrine dedicated to Daumier's genius, founded on principles that (unconsciously, perhaps, but

very definitely) were his, and fashioned of material borrowed from his lavish store.

Well might Forain say of him: "Oh, Daumier . . . . ! He was different from all of us. He was generous!"

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The first and to some extent still the basic work on Daumier's life and lithographic art. Subsequent research has added little to its accumulated facts. The illustrations have the technical limitations of the period. There is a catalogue of Daumier's lithographs.

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An important and very beautifully illustrated work by a critic learned in Daumier, who has previously published a small book on the subject in the series *Les Ecrits et la Vie Anecdotique et Pittoresque des Grands Artistes.* M. Escholier has collected all the available evidence of Daumier's life and friendships, and, if in consequence his book is largely made up of transcripts from other works, it is little the worse for that. One may regret, however, that a compilation so thorough and so worthily presented should (presumably at the bidding of a rather ill-bred nationalism) noticeably economise in reference or acknowledgment to Herr Klossowski's standard work. The discourtesy seems the more deliberate for the prodigality of compliment lavished by M. Escholier on several quite negligible critics among his own countrymen.

The following books have, in addition to those above listed, been consulted in the writing of the present essay :—

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PLATE 1

DON QUICHOTE ET LES MOULINS A VENT
(Barbizon House, London)

PLATE 2

DON QUICHOTE ET LA MULE MORTE
(In the possession of Baron Gourgaud. Photo, Vizzavona)

PLATE 3

DON QUICHOTE DANS LA MONTAGNE
(In the possession of William Burrell, Esq.)

PLATE 4

DON QUICHOTE ET SANCHO PANSA
(In the possession of Sir Michael Sadler, K.C.S.I.)

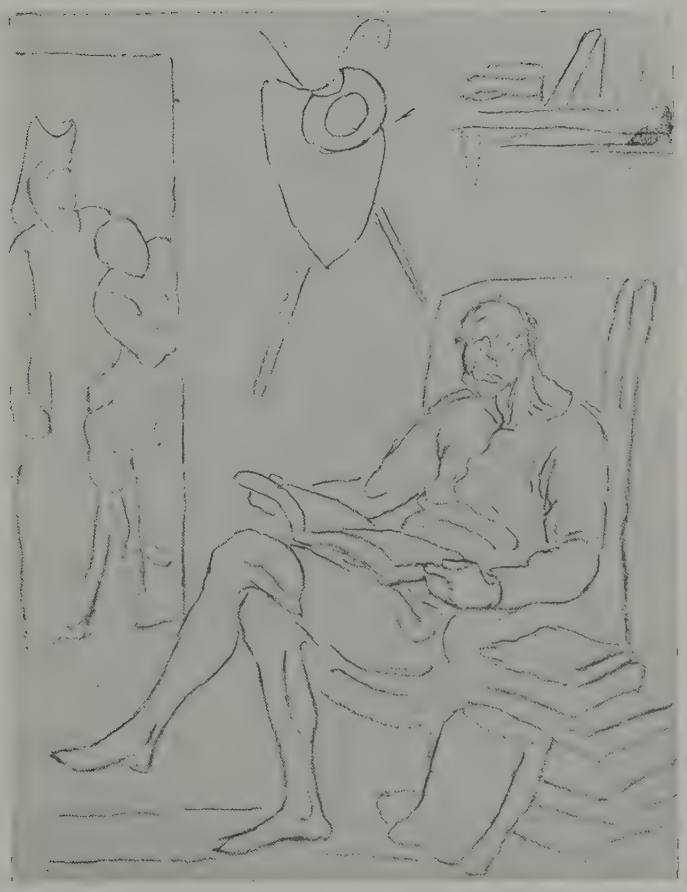
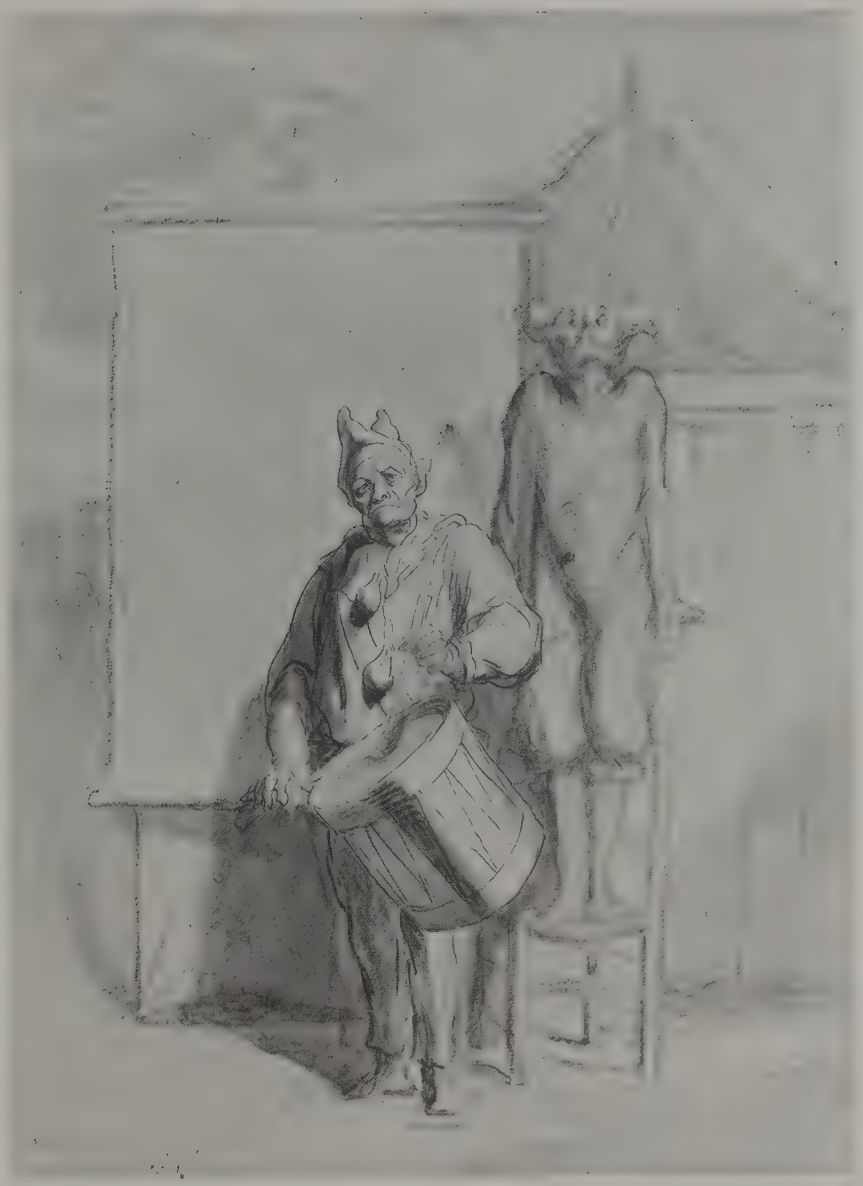


PLATE 5

DON QUICHOTE LISANT UN ROMAN
(By courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son)



LA PARADE
(In the possession of Wm. Burrell, Esq. Exhibited at Barbizon House, London)

PLATE 6

PLATE 7

LA PARADE DES SALTIMBANQUES
(Photo, Vizzavona)

PLATE 8

LES SALTIMBANQUES
(Musée du Louvre, Paris. Photo, Vizzavona)

PLATE 9

LES SALTIMBANQUES AU REPOS
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

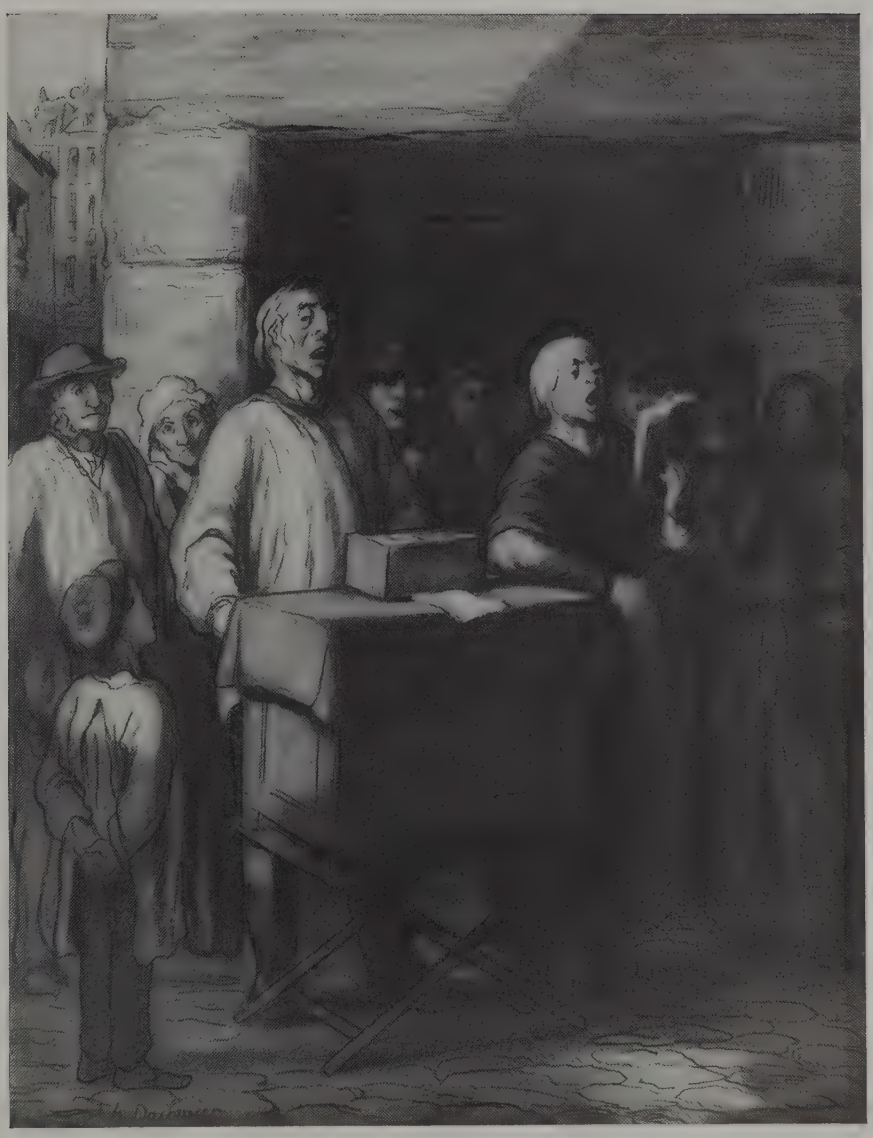


PLATE 10

LES CHANTEURS DE RUE
(*Petit Palais, Paris. Photo,* ***Bulloz***)

PLATE 11

LE DRAME
Galerie Thannhauser, Lucerne)

PLATE 12

AU THEATRE FRANCAIS
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

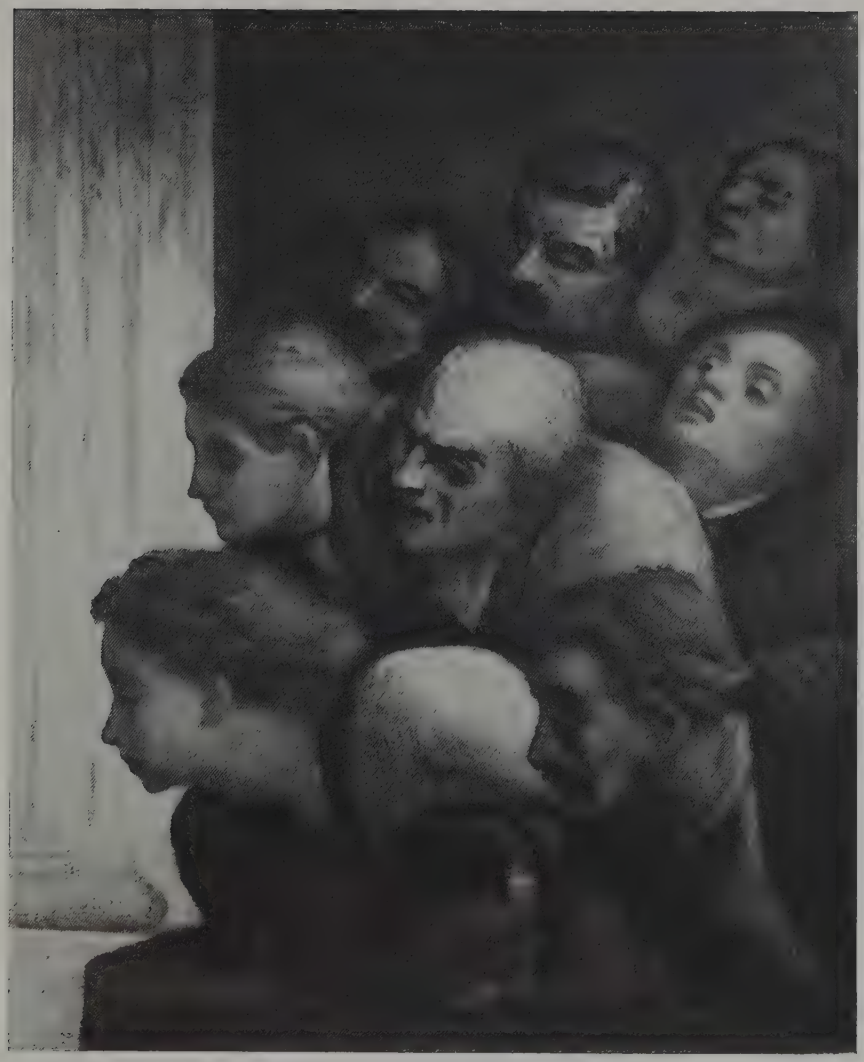


PLATE 13

SPECTACLE GRATIS
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

PLATE 14

LES CURIEUX A L'ETALAGE
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

PLATE 15

FEU D'ARTIFICE
(By courtesy of Messrs. Scott and Fowles, New York)

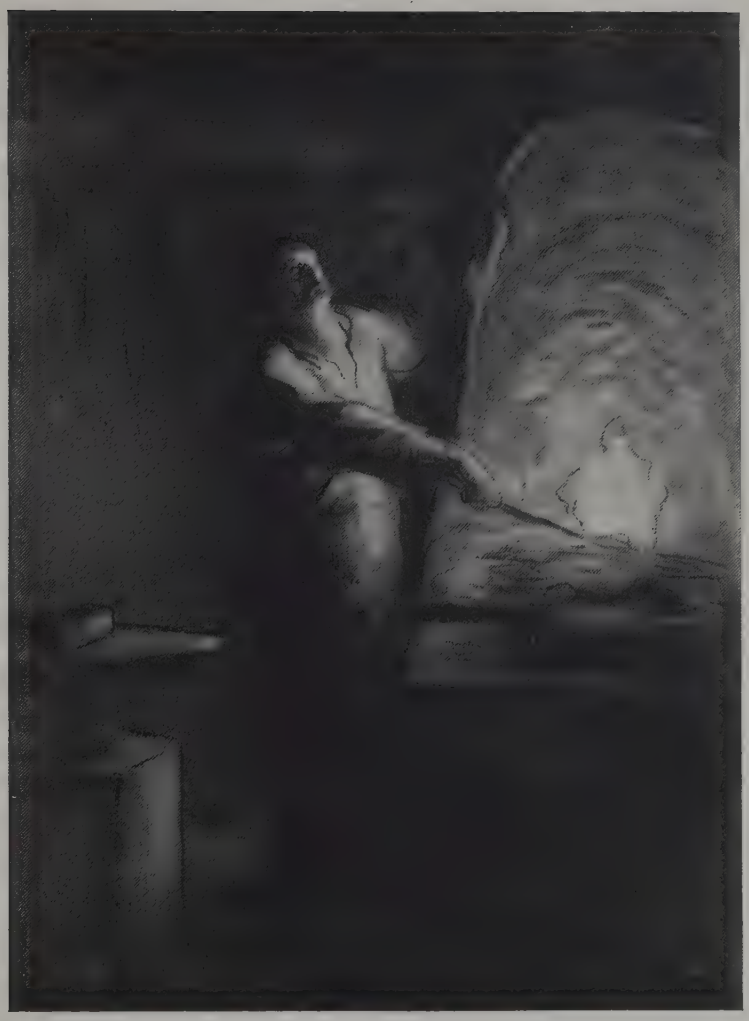


PLATE 16

LE FORGERON
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

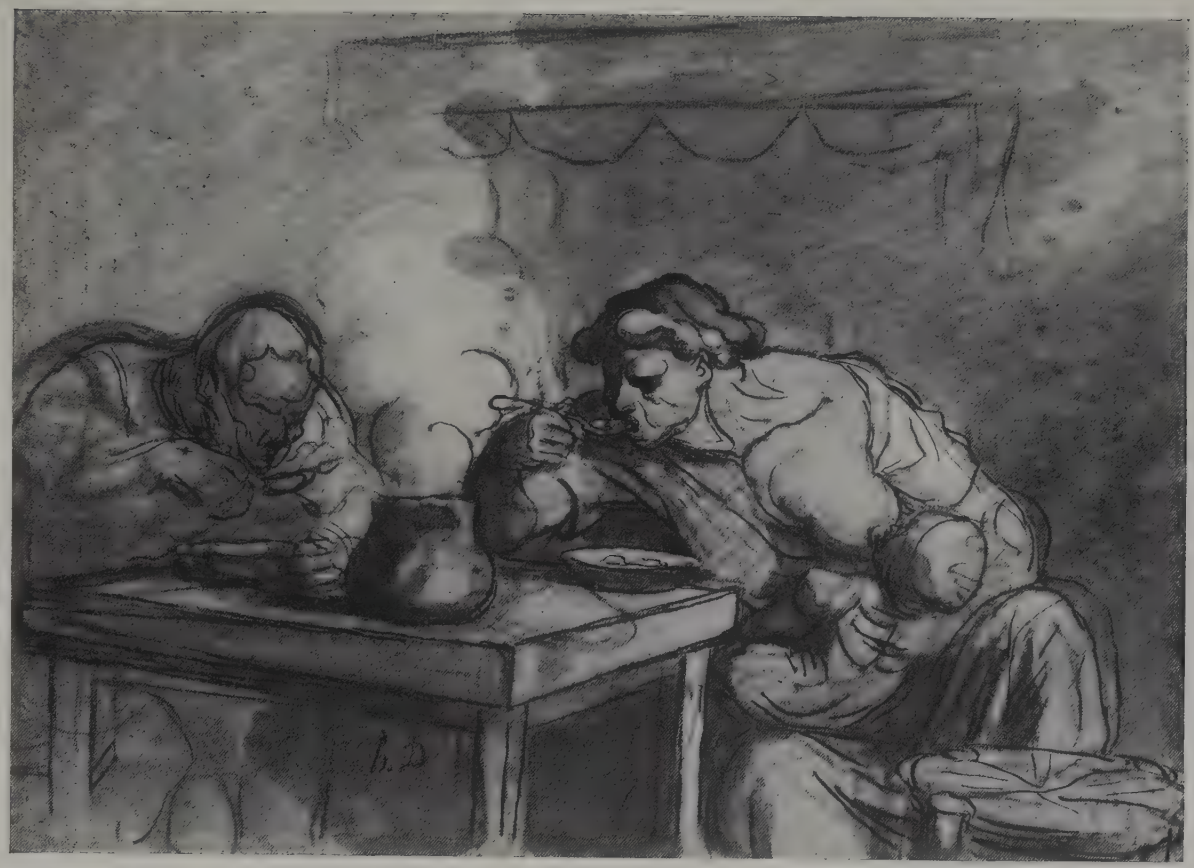
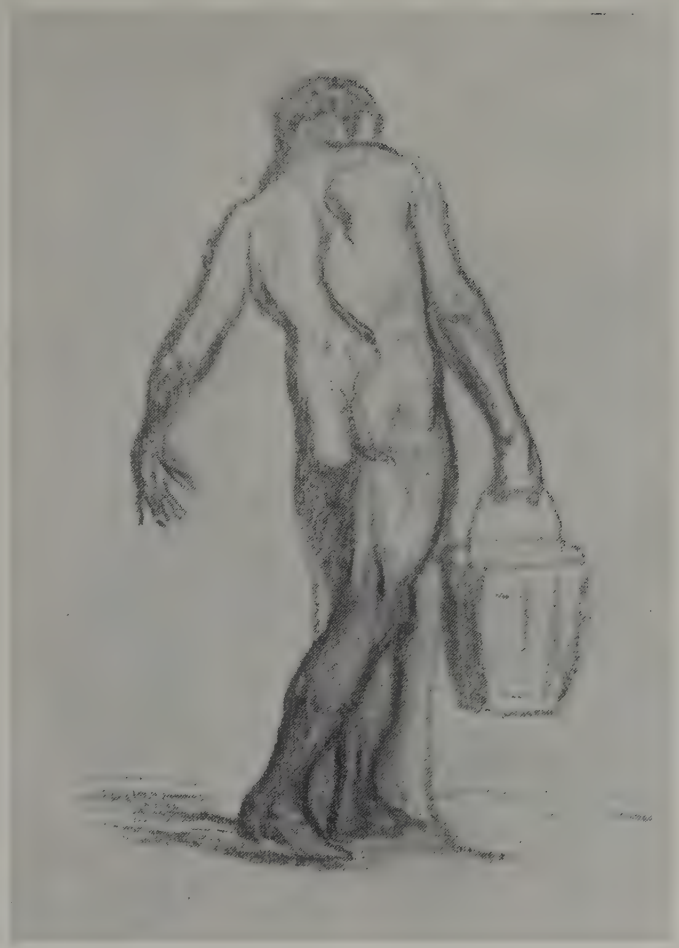


PLATE 17

LA SOUPE
(*Musée du Louvre, Paris. Photo, Bulloz*)

PLATE 18

LA LAVEUSE
(Paul Gallimard Collection. Photo, Bulloz)



LE PORTEUR D'EAU

LA FUGITIVE

(By courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son)

PLATE 19

PLATE 20

LE DEPART DU TRAIN, GARE ST. LAZARE
(By courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son)

PLATE 21

L'ATTENTE A LA GARE
(Victoria and Albert Museum, Ionides Bequest)

PLATE 22

UN WAGON DE TROISIEME CLASSE

PLATE 23

UN WAGON DE TROISIEME CLASSE
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

PLATE 24

UN WAGON DE TROISIEME CLASSE
(In the possession of Miss Davies. Exhibited at Barbizon House, London)

PLATE 25

UN WAGON DE PREMIERE CLASSE
(By courtesy of Messrs. Scott and Fowles, New York)

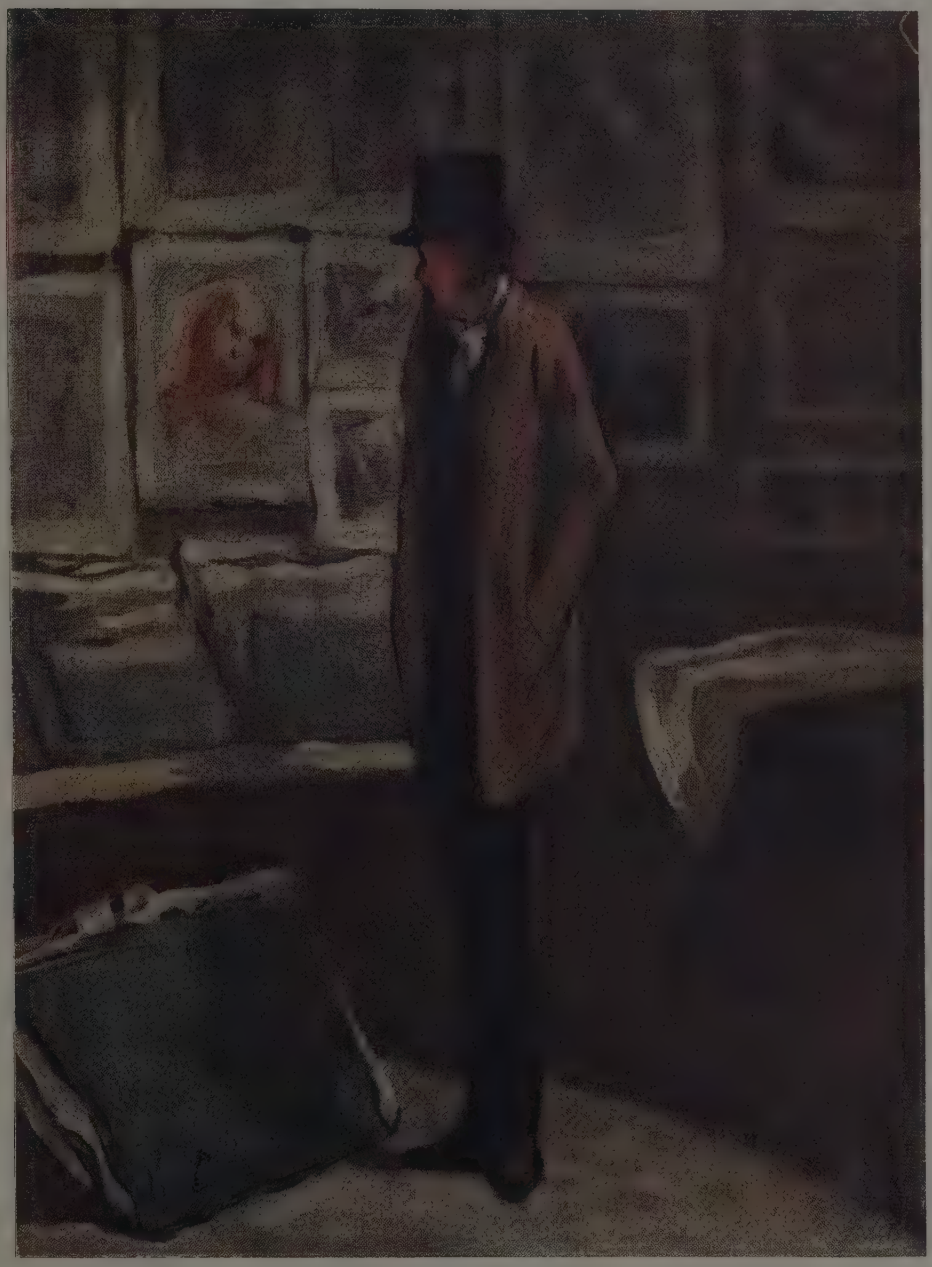


PLATE 26

L'AMATEUR D'ESTAMPES
(In the possession of William Burrell, Esq.)

PLATE 27

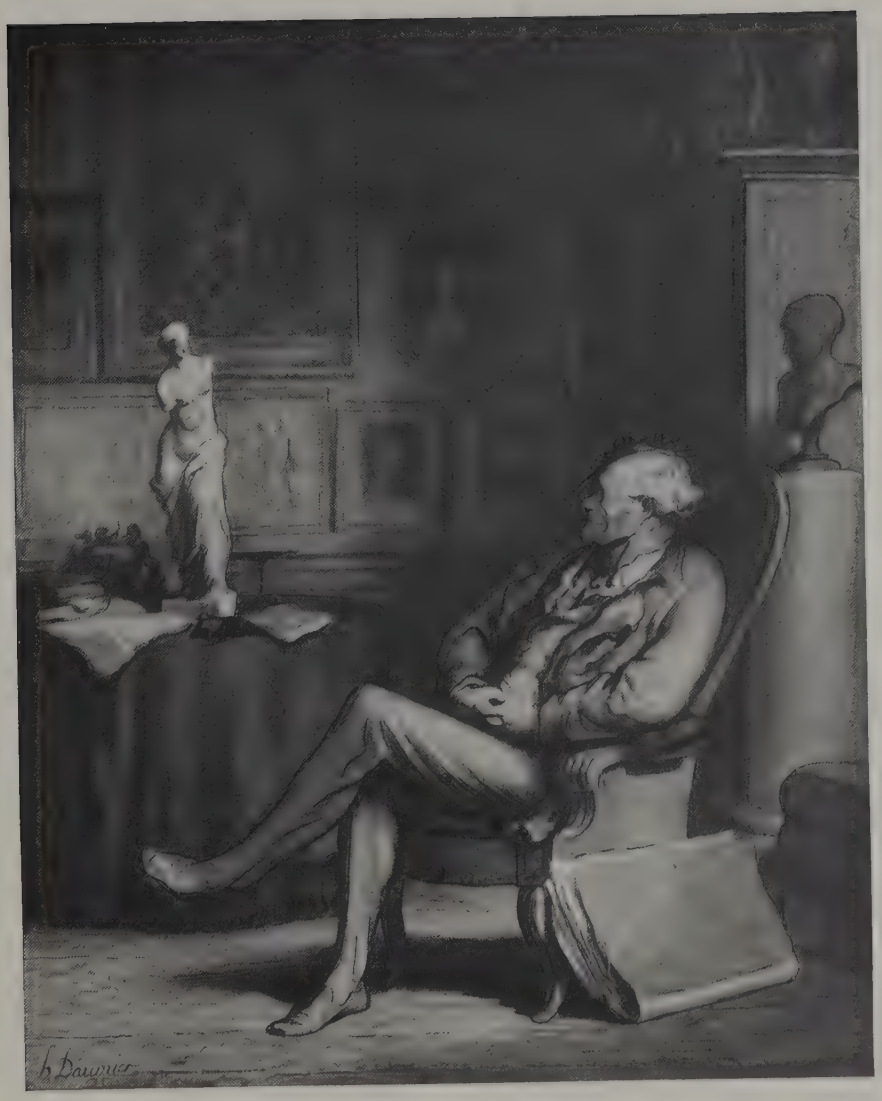


PLATE 29

UN AMATEUR
(*Photo, Durand-Ruel*)

PLATE 30

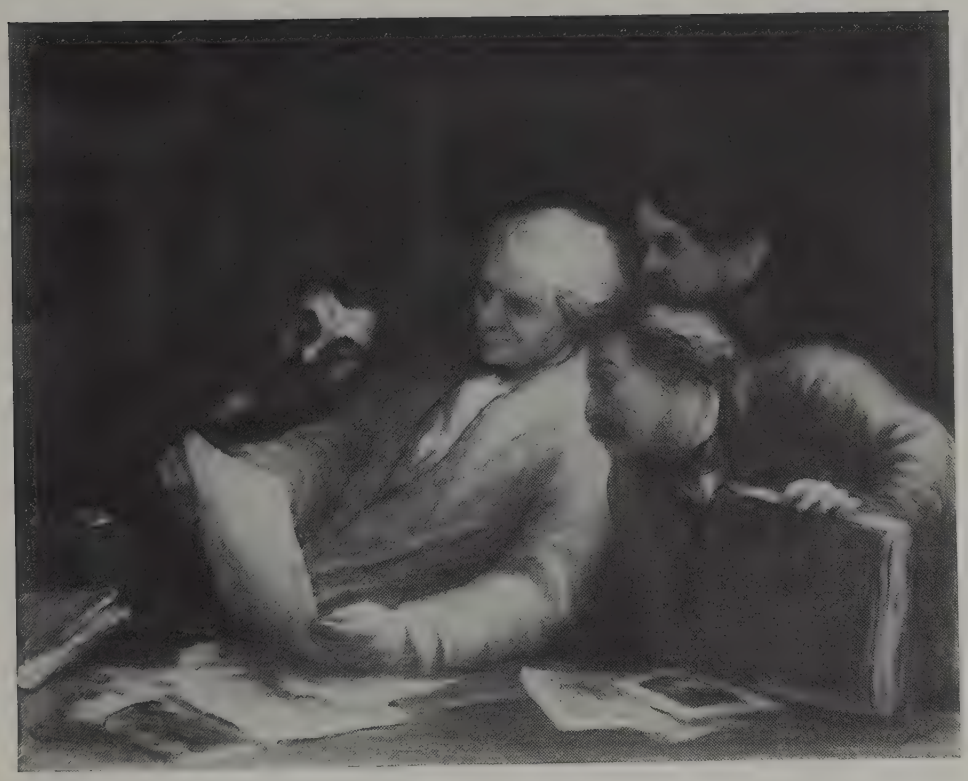
DANS L'ATELIER D'UN PEINTRE
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

PLATE 31

TROIS AMATEURS DEVANT LA REVUE NOCTURNE DE RAFFET
(Musée de Louvre, Paris. Photo, Bulloz)

TROIS AMATEURS DE TABLEAUX
(Barbizon House, London)

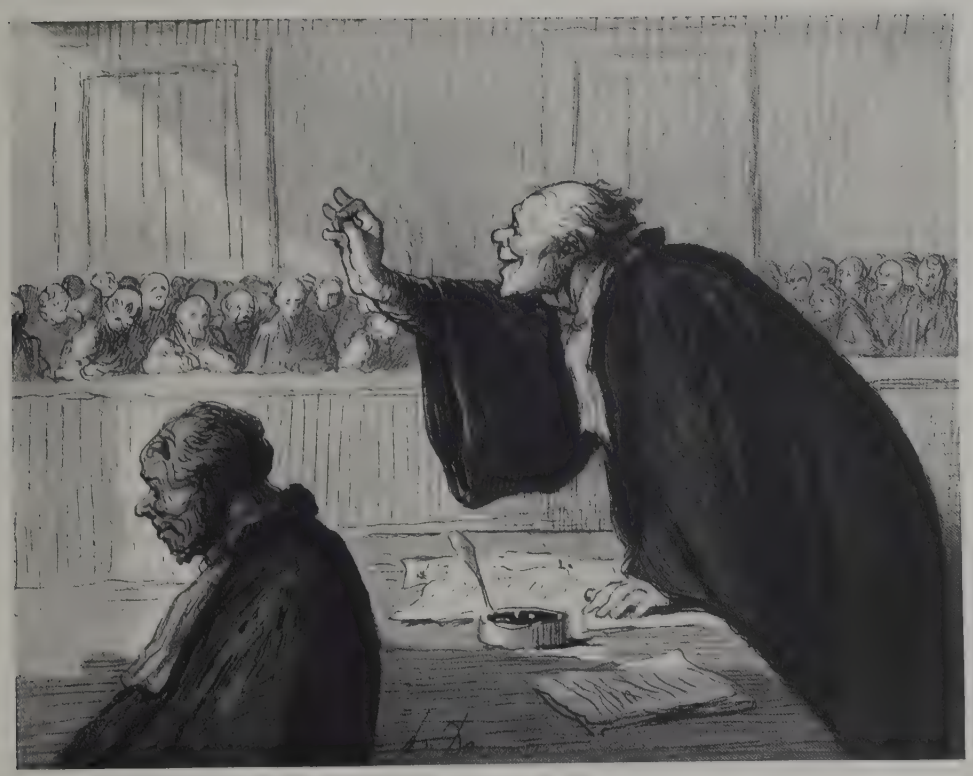
PLATE 32



QUATRE AMATEURS D'ESTAMPES
(Peytel Collection. Photo, Bulloz)

PLATE 33

AVANT L'AUDIENCE
(*Photo, Durand-Ruel*)



UN AVOCAT PLAIDANT
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

PLATE 35

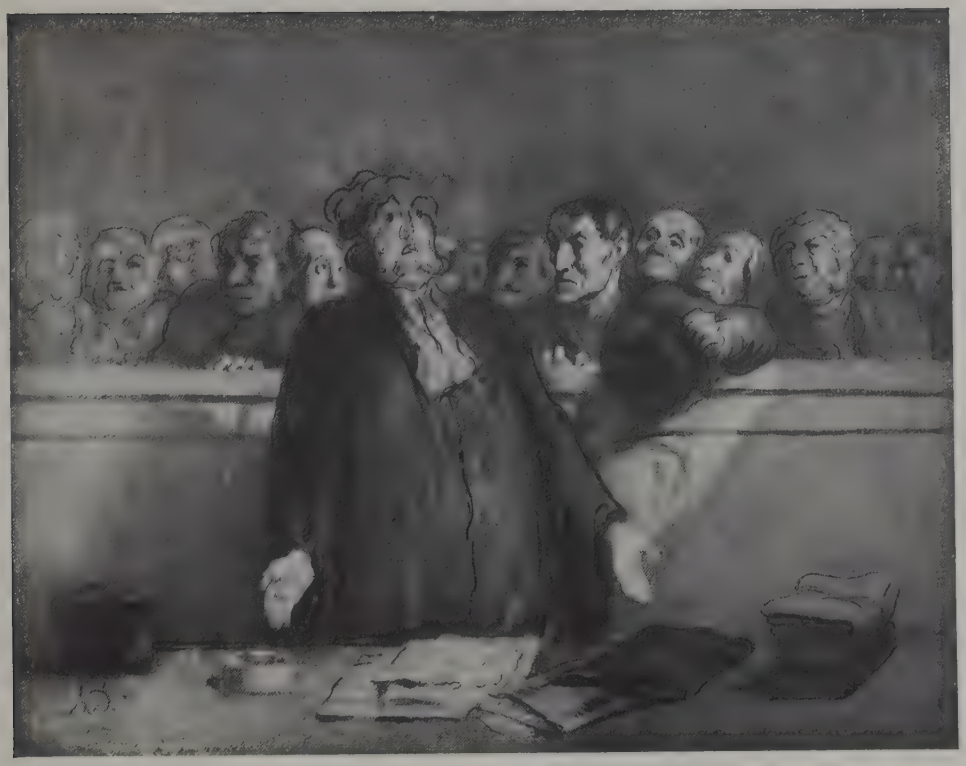


PLATE 36

LA PLAIDOIRIE
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

LES FILLES À CONFESSION

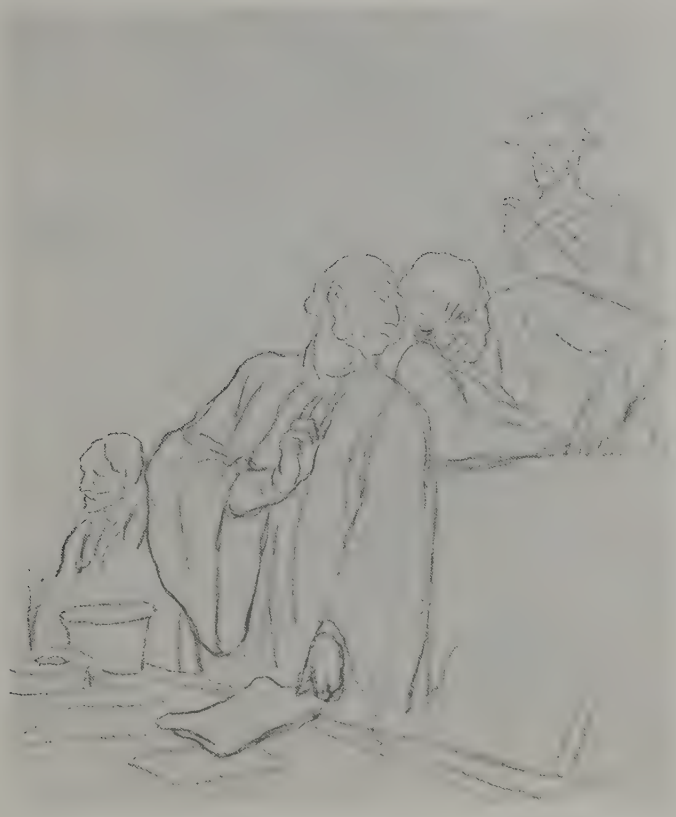


PLATE 38

AVOCAT ET PREVENU
(By courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son)

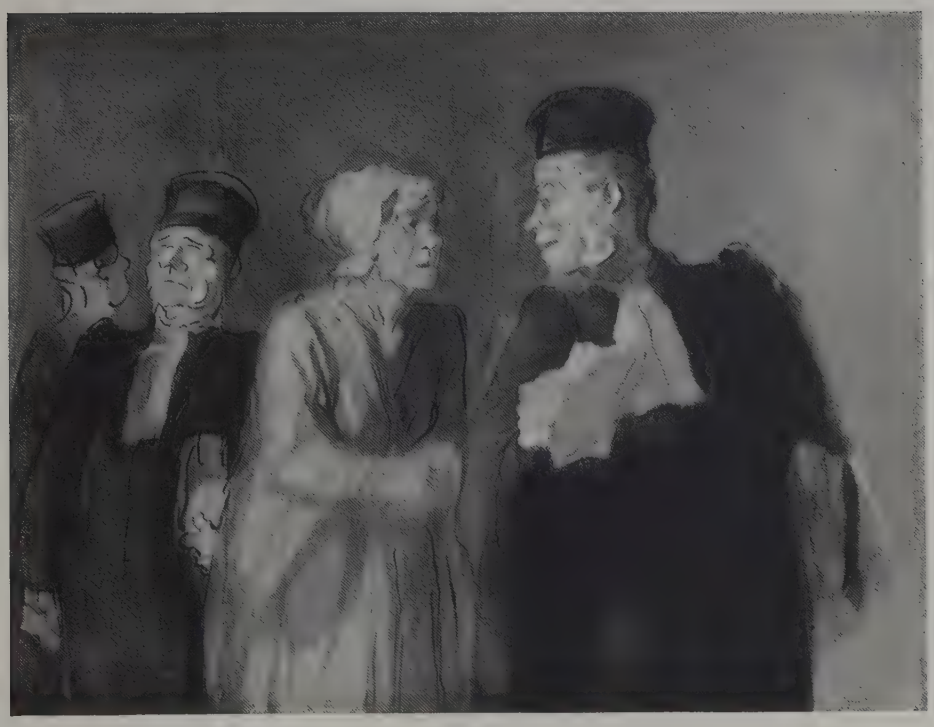


PLATE 39

SCENE AU TRIBUNAL
(*Photo, Durand-Ruel*)

PLATE 40

L'AVOCAT PENSIF

PLATE 41

LE PROCUREUR GENERAL
(Barbizon House, London)

PLATE 42

LA FIN DE L'AUDIENCE
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

PLATE 43

L'AVOCAT TRIOMPHANT
(In the possession of William Burrell, Esq.)

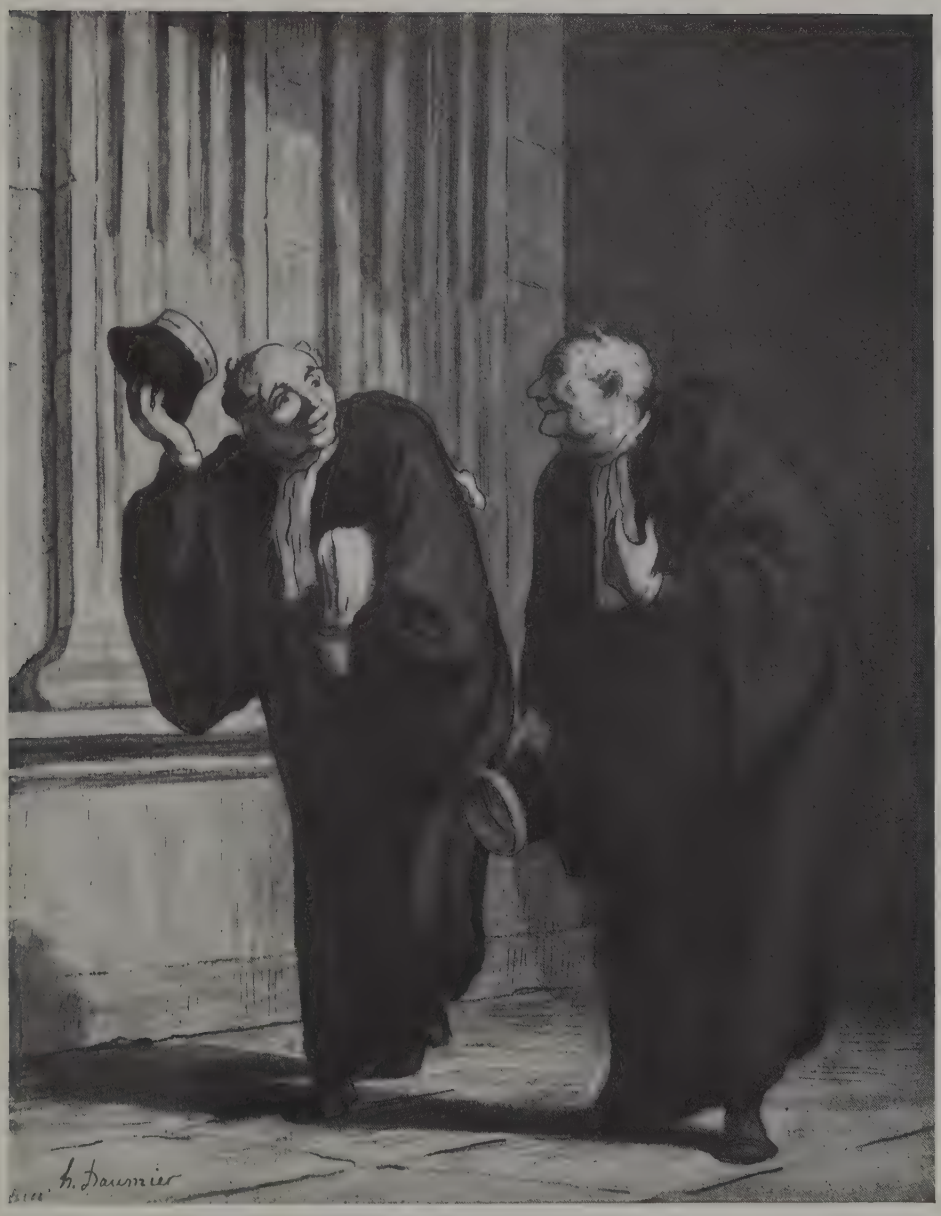
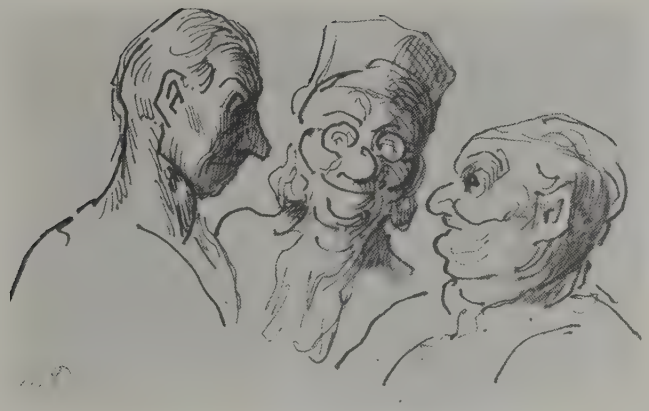


PLATE 44

MON CHER CONFRERE
(National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne. Exhibited at Barbizon House, London)

PLATE 45

DEUX AVOCATS
(In the possession of F. W. Bohler, Esq.)



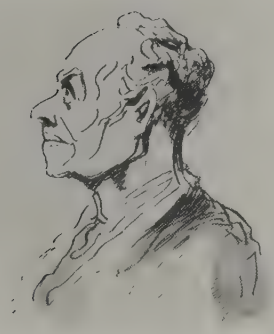


PLATE 47

TRIO D'AMATEURS
(Petit Palais, Paris. Photo, Bulloz)

PLATE 48

LA SERENADE
(In the possession of Sir Michael Sadler, K.C.S.I.)

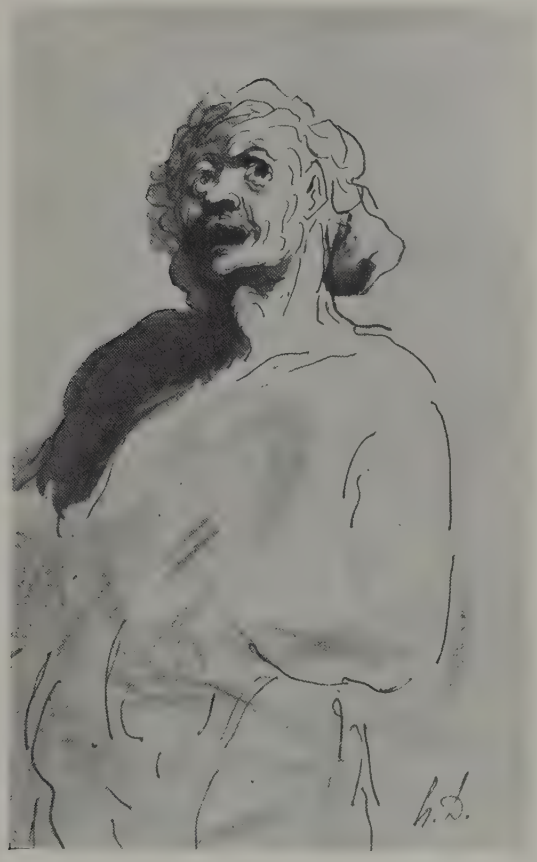


PLATE 49

CHANTEUR AU TAMBOURIN
(In the possession of Sir Michael Sadler, K.C.S.I.)

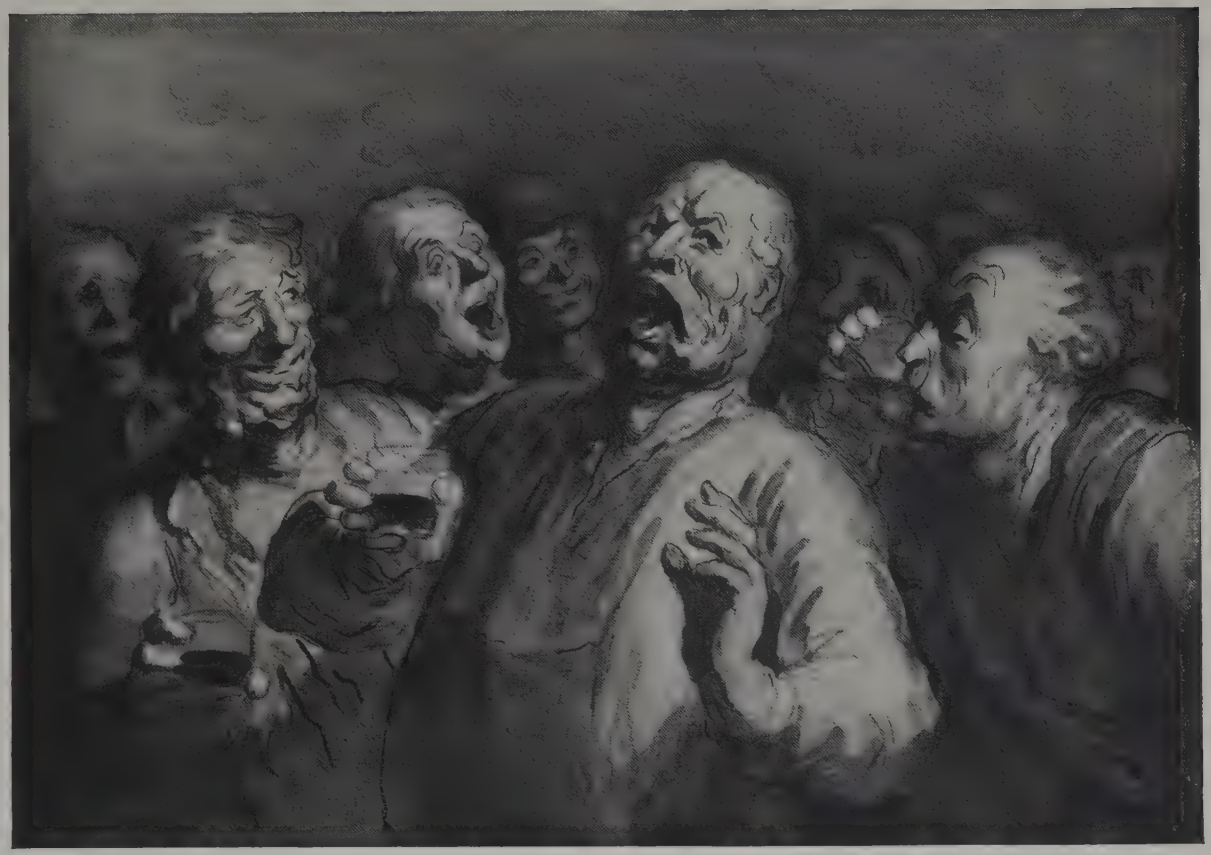


PLATE 50

LA CHANSON A BOIRE
(*Photo, Durand-Ruel*)

PLATE 51

LES JOUEURS D ECHECS
(Petit Palais, Paris. Photo, Bulloz)

PLATE 52

LA POLITIQUE (PARIS)
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

L'EMEUTE
(By courtesy of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, the Leicester Galleries, London)

PLATE 53

PLATE 64

LA REPUBLIQUE (1848)
(Pavillon de Marsan, Paris. Photo, Vizzavona)

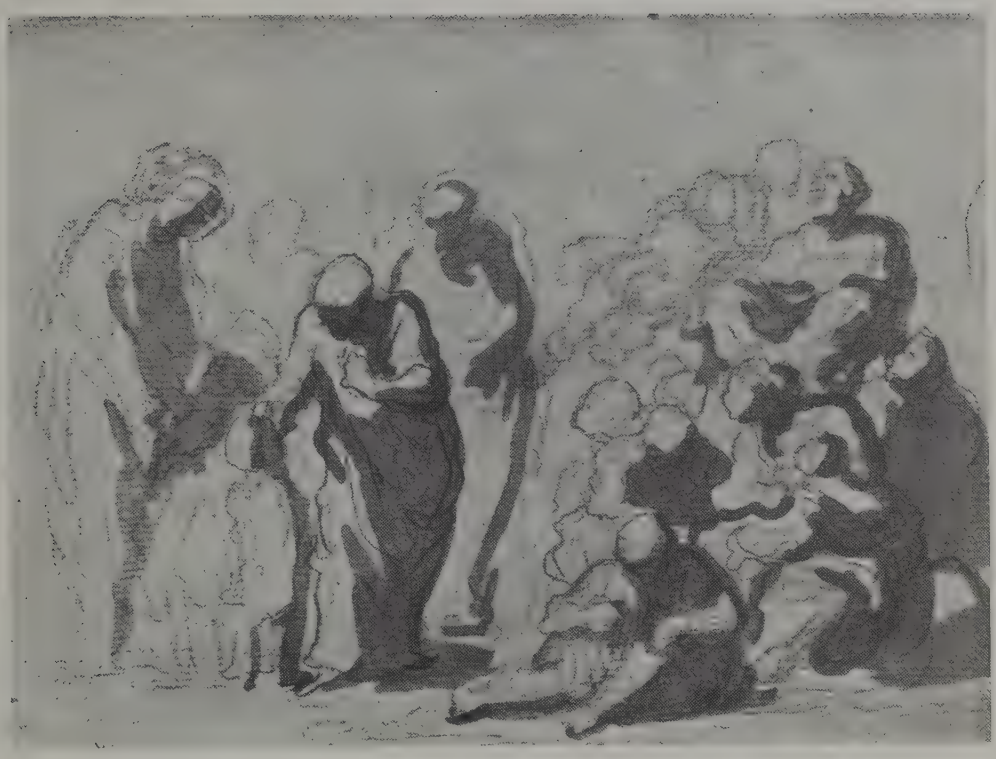


PLATE 55

LA CHARITÉ
(In the possession of P. Tudor Hart, Esq.)

PLATE 56

ECCE HOMO! *OR* NOUS VOULONS BARABBAS
(Folkwang Museum, Essen)

PLATE 57

LA MATERNITÉ

PLATE 58

MERE ET DEUX ENFANTS
(By courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son)

PLATE 59

LE VOLEUR ET L'ANE (LA FONTAINE)
(*Musée de Luxembourg, Paris. Photo, Braun and Cie.*)

PLATE 60

LE CORTEGE DE SILENE
(*Galerie Thannhauser, Lucerne*)

PLATE 61

LE PEINTRE DEVANT SON TABLEAU
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

PLATE 62

PORTRAIT DE COROT

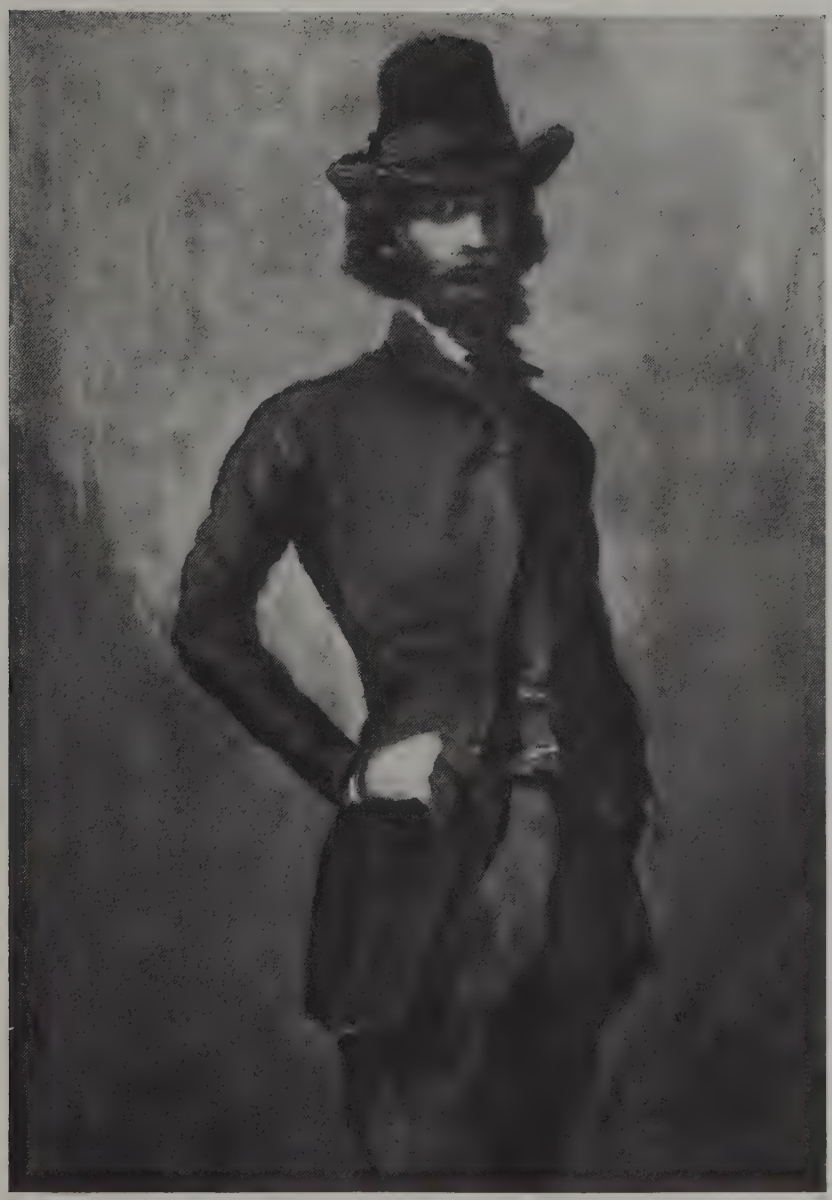


PLATE 63

PORTRAIT DU PEINTRE THEODORE ROUSSEAU
(Photo, Braun and Cie.)

PLATE 64

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE
(Photo, Durand-Ruel)

PLATE 65

LUNE DE MIEL
(In the possession of Sir Michael Sadler, K.C.S.I.)

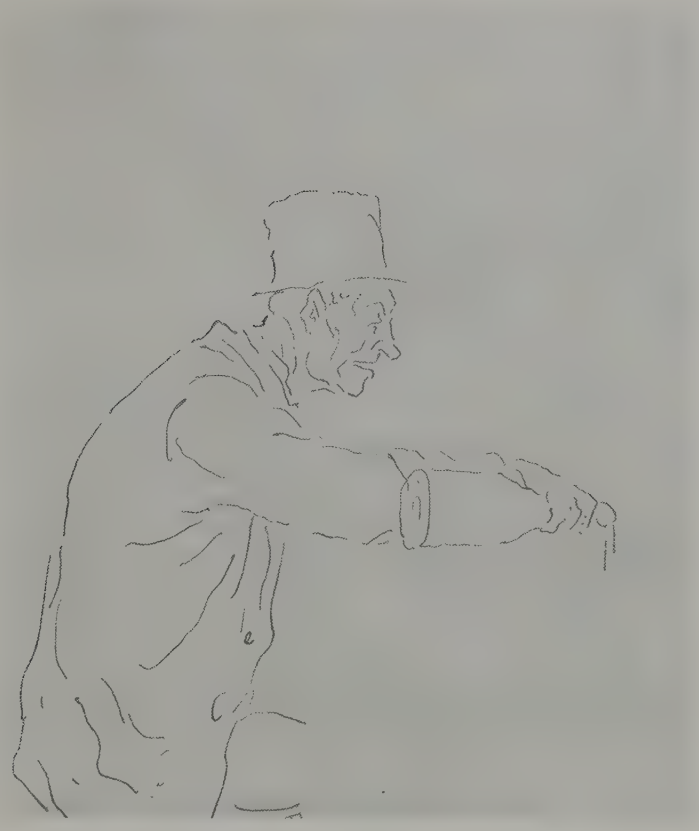
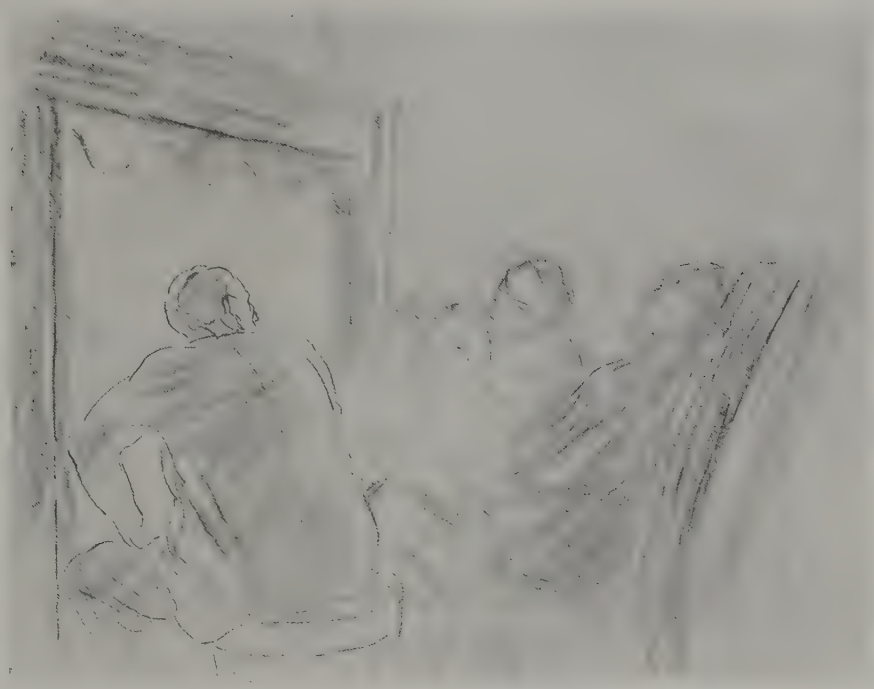


PLATE 66

HOMME SE VERSANT A BOIRE
(By courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son)



CHASSEURS SE CHAUFFANT
LA LECTURE
(By courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son)

PLATE 67

LE VENTRE LÉGISLATIF.

"*Aspect des bancs ministeriels de la chambre improstituée de* 1834."

(*From a proof in the possession of Frank Rinder, Esq.*)

PLATE 68

ROBERT MACAIRE AVOCAT

Il plaide cinq heures sans cracher, et perds son procès.

ROBERT MACAIRE DEVANT SES JUGES

. . . *" Je suis accusé d'avoir vendu du plomb pour de l'or? Vingt témoins le soutiennent, hé bien! Je le nie quarante fois et puisque deux négations valent une affirmation, il est clair que vous devez nécessairment m'acquitter."*

ROBERT MACAIRE AVOUÉ

—*" Gagné, mon cher, gagné sur tous points! . . .*
—*" C'est bien temps, un procès qui a duré dix ans. . . Enfin combien me revient-il? "*
—*" Le voici: la cour vous accorde 12,000 f. Nous avons 13,500 f. de frais. Vous ne me devez plus que 1,500 f."*

ROBERT MACAIRE ET SON ONCLE

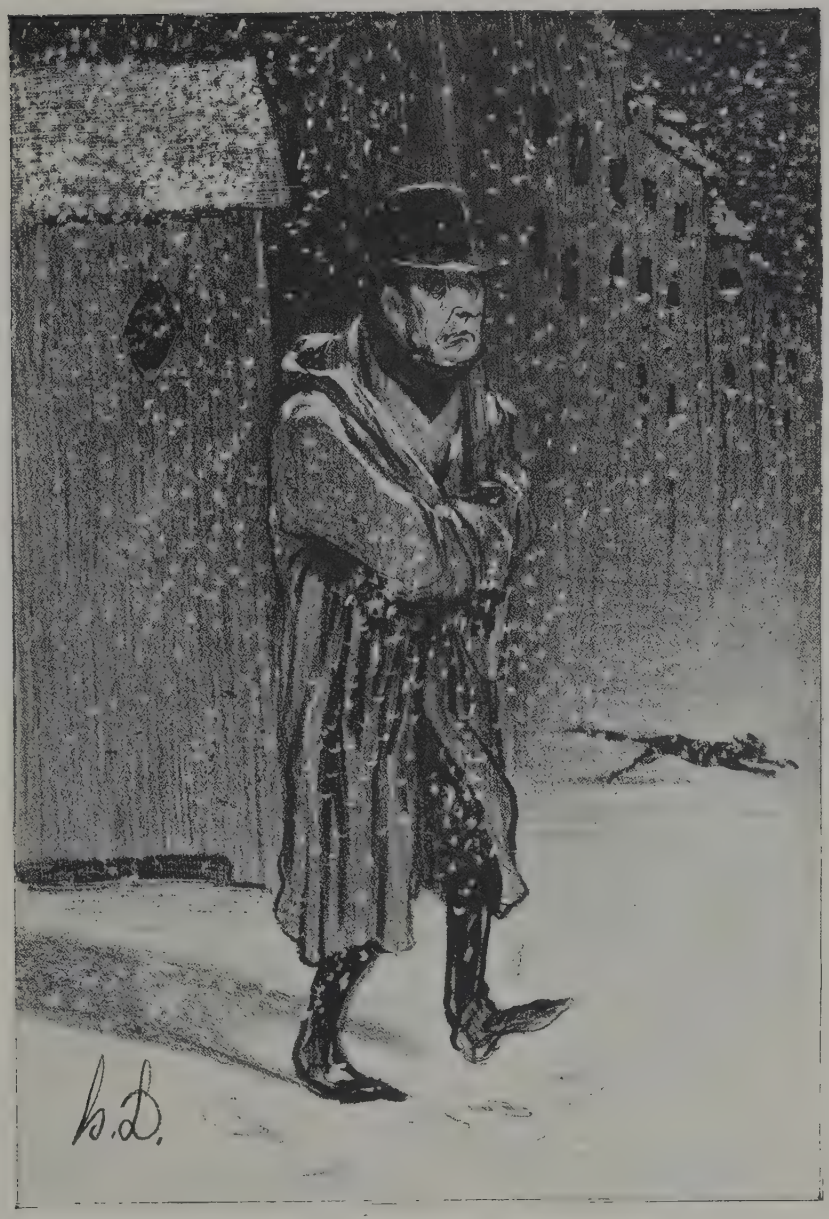
" Oui, mon oncle, mon vertueux oncle . . . je ne vous quitterai qu'à la mort! " (*Macaire, légataire universel, fait jeter son cher oncle dans la fosse commune.*)

PLATE 71

RUE TRANSNONAIN, LE 15 AVRIL, 1834.
(From a proof in the possession of Frank Rinder, Esq.)

PLATE 72

MATHIEU DUMAS
(From a proof in the possession of Frank Rinder, Esq.)



EMOTIONS PARISIENNES

Oh Patrie! ! !

(From an impression in the possession of Frank Rinder, Esq.)

PLATE 73

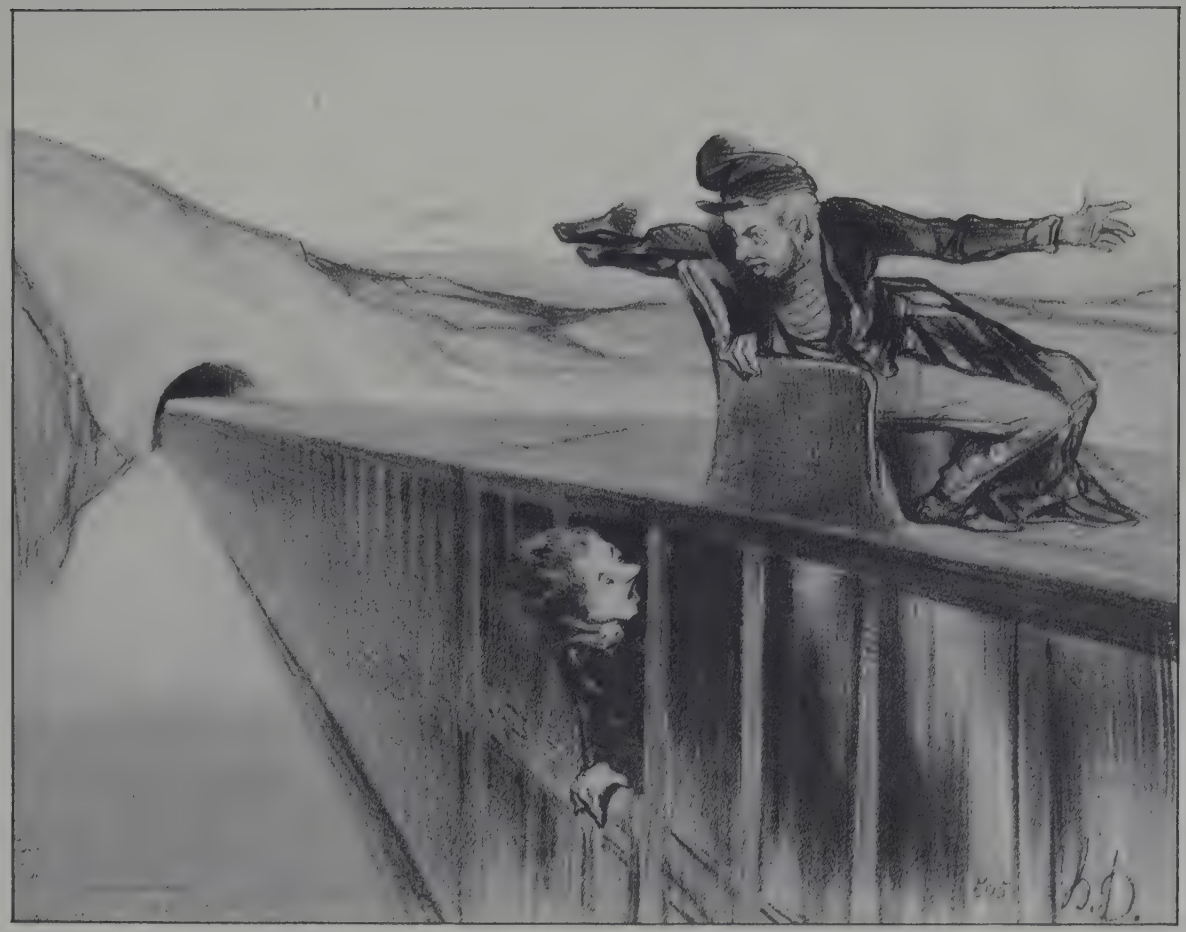


PLATE 74

LES CHEMINS DE FER.

—"*Conducteur ! conducteur ! . . . arretez, au nom de ciel ! . . . j'ai la colique !*"
—"*Impossible . . . l'administration le defénd ! . . . mais dans deux heures un quart nous serons a Orléans !*"

(*From a proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne & Son*)

SCENES PARLEMENTAIRES

La Famille de l'Électeur

" Nous sommes arrivés à Paris de ce matin et nous nous sommes dit tout de suite : Allons trouver notre député, il nous fera voir l'intérieur du Panthéon, des Invalides, du Palais-Royal et du Puits de Grenelle. . ."

(From an impression in the possession of Frank Rinder, Esq.

PLATE 75

LES PHILANTHROPES DU JOUR

" Monsieur, je souscrit pour le tremblement de terre des Batignolles . . . voici deux francs . . . mais insérez bien mon nom et mon adresse dans votre journal: Rigolard, philanthrope papetier . . . tient pendules . . . verres de Bohême, riding-stick anglais . . . et généralement tout ce qui ne concerne pas son état! "

(From an impression in the possession of Frank Rinder, Esq.)

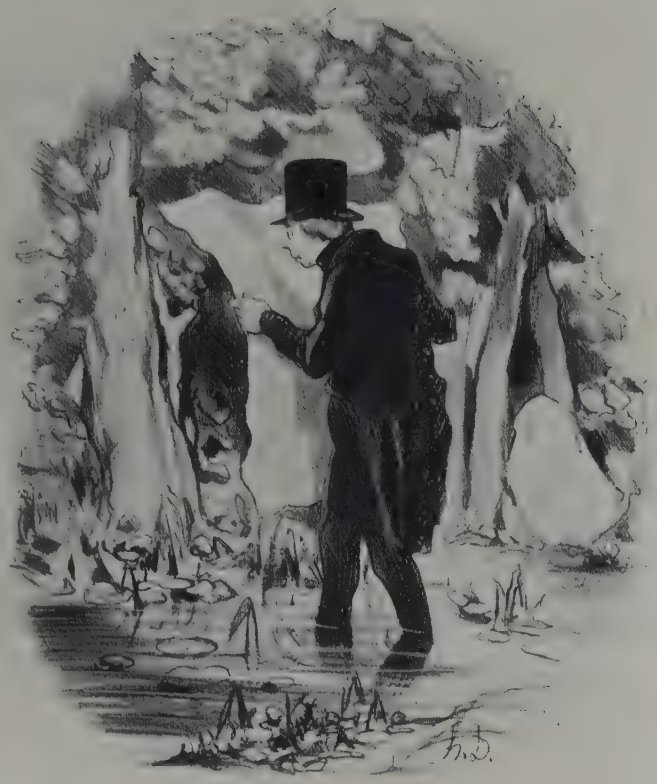
PLATE 76

PASTORALES.

" Et dire que c'est aujourd'hui la St. Médard [June 8] ! "

(From a proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne & Son)

PLATE 77



" Où peut conduire la lecture du Constitutionnel! "

" L'eau est délicieuse . . . je t'assure que tu as bien tord de ne pas venir me rejoindre, Virginie. . . "

PLATE 78

PASTORALES
(*From proofs in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne and Son*)

" Ah! ciel voila qu'ils dévorent tous mes choux! . . . j'ai acheté des lapins pour m'en faire trois milles livres de rentes. . ."

" Ce qu'on appelle aller jouir à la campagne des plaisirs de l'automne! "

PLATE 79

PASTORALES

(From proofs in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne and Son)

PLATE 80

L'AÛMONE IMPOSSIBLE.
(From a unique proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne & Son)

LES BONS BOURGEOIS

" Mossieu Rabouleau, de ma vie je ne parlerai plus politique avec vous, du moment où vous ne voulez pas admettre, qu'en tout temps, il faut une main ferme pour tenir les guides du vais-seau de l'État ! "

PLATE 81

TOUT CE QU'ON VOUDRA.

Au Restaurant à 32 *sous.*

—" *Garçon, un poulet au cresson?* "

—" *M'sieu, il nous reste plus de poulet . . . mais si vous voulez, j'vas vous servir une plus forte portion de cresson!* "

PLATE 83

TOUT CE QU'ON VOUDRA

—*" On a beau dire, l'antique est toujours beau."*
—*" Oui, en marbre ma femme! . . ."*

PLATE 84

TOUT CE QU'ON VOUDRA

" V'là un particulier qui doit encore être inquiet pour son nez c'tannée ci . . . vu la pidémie qui regne toujours sur les pommes de terre ! "

(From a proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne and Son)

PLATE 85

TOUT CE QU'ON VOUDRA.

" Cette femme a quelque chose qui me plait dans la . . . physionomie."

(From a proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne & Son)

PLATE 86

—" En voilà d'l'agrément marcher pendant quatres heures en plein soleil par 30 degrès de chaleur ! "
—" D'autres fois tu te plains que je ne te sors jamais ! . . . t'es jamais contente ! "

" Ce n'est pas sous l'Empire qu'on aurait dansé comme ça ! "

PLATE 87

TOUT CE QU'ON VOUDRA
(From proofs in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne and Son)

TOUT CE QU'ON VOUDRA

—" *Quand des femmes savent avoir de la dignité dans la démarche elles se font toujours respecter . . . ce n'est pas moi qu'un homme se permettra jamais de suivre dans la rue!* "
—" *Ma chère, ni moi!* "

(From a proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne and Son)

PLATE 88

PLATE 89

LES PARISIENS EN 1848.
Ouvrier et Bourgeois.
(From a proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne & Son)

LES CANOTIERS PARISIENS

—" Vois tu, mon ami Durand . . . il n'y a que deux élémens qui soient ceux du bonheur pour l'homme . . . c'est l'eau et le vin . . . mais ils ne doivent jamais être mélangés. . ."

(From a proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne and Son)

PLATE 90

ACTUALITÉS

Actionnaires Californiens

(From a proof in the possession of Messrs. R. Dunthorne and Son)

PLATE 91

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SADLEIR, M.
Daumier, the man and the artist.

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